

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 158, Vol. 6.

November 6, 1858.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

THE commercial and the social mind agree in the propriety and policy of a certain periodical settling of accounts. The prudent tradesman, if he wishes to keep clear of Basinghall-street, takes stock once a year, posts his books, and strikes a balance; and in the ordinary relations of life it is necessary from time to time to do homage to what philosophers call the law of periodicity. Even if you are in habits of the closest intimacy with a family, it is right and proper on occasion to pay a visit of form and ceremony—to leave cards at the beginning of a season, to send congratulations on birthdays and the like. In either case—whether in mercantile or in social life—the rationale of these recurring formalities is very much the same. The closest friendship needs to have its rivets tightened now and then, for the play of active life has a tendency to loosen all ties; and in business concerns an annual review of the ledger shows where little disorders are beginning to creep in, or points out those channels of investment which have been found most profitable. Now, both in the commercial and the social aspect, the *Saturday Review* is this week called upon to take special cognizance of the lapse of time; for we have just completed our third year. As business people, we are bound to take stock; and as familiar guests of our readers, we feel disposed, after the manner of society, to hand in our card. Nor need we even hesitate, in the tradesman's language—which, after all, has as much good sense as real politeness in it—to thank our friends for past favours and to solicit the continuance of their custom. This, in point of fact, is what journalists mean when they discourse, in obscure and vague terms, about the dignity and duties of the Press; but as our object is to talk about the *Saturday Review*—its aims, its success, and its hopes—we may just as well say so in the plainest and most intelligible language.

On the first Saturday of November, 1855, we first addressed the public. Unquestionably our scheme was experimental, and our aim was high. A newspaper with no news was an innovation on the recognised practice; and the attempt to produce weekly essays—on an average nearly twenty in number—ranging over every current subject of politics, literature, science, and art, was thought in many quarters to imply the expectation of a larger audience than society was likely to furnish. Our calculations, however—or rather our anticipations—have not been disappointed. It is only right to say, and we say it in the simplest language, that the appeal which we then made “to the educated and reflecting mind of the country” on behalf of “earnestness, sincerity, and independence of thought and conduct,” has been well answered. Every month of our existence has added, and neither slowly nor spasmodically, to our circulation; and having the best of all proofs of success, we need neither conceal the fact nor affect to be other than proud of it. The acknowledgment is due, indeed, to others as well as to ourselves. And though it is not for us to dwell on the general influence or popularity which has rewarded our labours, we may fairly advert to our promises when we come to speak of our performances. In our prospectus we rested our hope of success on the fact that the contributors to the *Saturday Review* were to a considerable extent associated together by common affinities of thought, education, and social views. Nor have we been disappointed in this hope. We have at least introduced a general unity into our lessons and criticisms. We do not say that an absolute identity of treatment has invariably been maintained in the discussion of all subjects, or that occasional differences of statement may not be pointed out in our pages. But these shades of difference are undoubtedly the best proof that we have recorded the expressions of independent thought; and while each writer has preserved his personal truthfulness

and expressed his own honest convictions, all have appealed to a common standard, both in politics and criticism, as well as to recognised principles and canons governing literature and taste. Had we not secured this general unity of teaching, we should have missed the characteristic advantage offered by a weekly as contrasted with a daily publication.

But not only did we claim to have a more intimate personal unity than usually marks the associated literature of reviews and newspapers—we further professed the most perfect independence, and to represent no coterie or party. We distinctly repudiated allegiance to political sections and trading interests, and to the class feelings of “literary men” and artists, with their merely professional and personal *cliqueries*. It will scarcely be denied that this pledge has been carried out, for its fulfilment has exposed us to a considerable, and not altogether unnatural, amount of indignation; and the very fact that we have faced and provoked hostility in the most opposite quarters, is itself a proof that we have at least kept clear of everything like a one-sided partisanship. The gist of the current invectives against us may at any rate be accepted as evidence on this point. We are told that we are Free Lances in politics, and the very Ishmaels of literature—that our vocation is to prey upon all popular favourites, and that our only road to notoriety is a universal cynicism. Certainly if it could be alleged that we have ever criticised one single book or work of art from personal feeling for or against the writer or artist—if it could be said that we have been biased in the interests of any class or party—the charge would be a grave and damaging one. But we have felt that, as in literature so in politics, the one thing needful to the honesty, and purity, and moral health of journalism is a systematic resistance to personal and sectional influences. Happily we are as free from the local malaria of Cambridge House, Knowsley, or Richmond Park, as from the equally mephitic vapours of the committee-rooms of professional agitators and trading reformers. Nor, if we have told popular favourites that they misuse their powers, mistake their vocation, and abuse public confidence by an ungenerous and indecent pandering to vulgar ignorance, have we ever been slow to recognise those powers, to recal past services, or to admit counterbalancing contributions to the public good.

In politics, more especially, we must assert that the sincerity of our disclaimer of party influences, of party ties, and party inspiration, has been abundantly justified. It is often, no doubt, just as hollow and false to claim to be of no party as it is to affect an impartial respect for all parties. This is a matter in which words are often used only as counters; for to be impartial may be only a euphuism for being unprincipled, and to say that one is of no party may be only a decent way of saying that one has no convictions. It has happened, however, that in our three years' career we have had practical opportunities of proving that our pledge of “no party” had a real and substantial meaning. We have had to resist all sorts of popular howls; but, through much tribulation, we have in the end found our unpopular attempts to stem the tide appreciated and rewarded. We protested against the cry which, utterly without significance or truth, hoisted Lord PALMERSTON into power; and in the very hey-day of his triumph we stood perhaps like spectres at his banquet, telling him that his continuance as Minister depended on his policy rather than on the accidental political necessity which had removed his predecessor. Our justification for these unwelcome and importunate warnings exists in the ignoble collapse of his once all-powerful Administration. If we have been willing to show somewhat more forbearance towards the present Ministry, it has been because Lord DERBY's Government was formed, not in consequence of any factious struggle for office, but under circumstances which, for the moment, rendered no

other political combination possible; but in his case, as in that of all Premiers, past and future, we contend for a clear and intelligible policy—a policy deliberately chosen, frankly announced, and steadily pursued. What we have asked for, and insist upon asking for, is a policy; and if a policy is only attainable through the medium of party organization, by all means let us have a party too. Only let it be a party with a principle and a purpose of its own. Let us get rid of the mocking-birds' tunes. Conservative and Liberal have come to be about as unmeaning as Tory and Radical are mischievous and impossible. Every Liberal, if really so, is Conservative; and every true Conservative is at the same time Liberal. If, therefore, we are charged with having offered an organized opposition to all Governments, we reply that it is only because we ask for a Government which may conciliate and unite—and, if need be, compel, by the soundness of its policy and the excellence of its measures—independent support. Though the country is sick of faction fights, it must still have government. England rebels equally against the traditional policy of mere Whiggism or mere Toryism, and against the furious, unpatriotic running-a-muck on all our institutions of which Mr. BRIGHT is not ashamed to be guilty. There is sufficient hollowness in the cuckoo cry that party is extinct. Unhappily, it is not extinct in its bad sense, and it is not right that it should be extinct in its good sense. So far as party means principle, policy, and duty, we ask for party; nor have we the slightest objection to get it from the old organizations if they have strength to furnish it. Toryism—whether sincerely or from necessity—seems to have begun to see the wisdom of recognising the age; Whiggism, it may be hoped, will shortly learn the lesson that God never made England to be the appanage of the great houses; and Radicalism, where it is not an adventurer's profession, does not necessarily repudiate the steps by which we have won our place in Europe.

While, therefore, we are still prepared, as in the case of the India Bill, to protest against being put off with pretences and falsities only got up to suit an accidental market, we are ready—for the future as heretofore—to disregard all party names, whether Liberal or Conservative, to condone errors that are compatible with integrity of purpose, and to believe that everybody has profited by past humiliations and mistakes. Fully asserting the right or duty of being as critical as ever, we are not the less willing to accept, from whatever quarter, each and every contribution to national progress—denouncing, if need be, sham reforms, but steadily resisting all factious combinations and coalitions against what is really true and earnest.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

THE appeal of Portugal against the outrage to which it has been subjected is now fairly before Europe. The official statement of the Cabinet of Lisbon charges the French Government implicitly, not only with violence, but with fraud. The manifesto in the *Moniteur* stands convicted not only of illegality, but of falsehood. The assertion of the Ministers of the EMPEROR that "the Portuguese Government, after a more careful examination of the case, were brought to a more exact appreciation," is simply an impudent fiction. The *Diario do Governo* has given us the Portuguese version of the "exact appreciation" to which the Court of Lisbon was brought; and the true history of the transaction is one the significance of which we think it well becomes every independent Power in Europe gravely to study. On the 26th of December, 1857, the *Charles et Georges* was condemned by the Portuguese tribunal at Mozambique. The French captain appealed to the Court of Cassation at Lisbon. While the appeal was pending, the French Government demanded the restitution of the vessel. "The Portuguese Government," (we quote from the official document,) "did not consider that it could interfere in a matter which was before the tribunal, whose independence it could not touch without breaking the fundamental law of the State." The French Government, however, insisting on its demands, Portugal "directed its Minister at Paris to propose to the Imperial Government the decision of the pending question by the mediation of a third Power to be chosen by the Emperor of the FRENCH, according to the principles set forth in the Protocol No. 23 of the Paris Conference, on the 14th of April, 1856. This proposal was immediately rejected." We learn from the *Morning Herald*, in an article which bears the appearance of official inspiration, the very important fact that previously to its rejection

the Portuguese Government had appealed to the English Cabinet to support this proposition, and that the English Government did in fact recommend its adoption. What reception this most moderate and reasonable offer, tendered by Portugal and endorsed by England, encountered at the hands of the French Government, we now learn on unquestionable authority. An ultimatum was delivered, demanding peremptorily the immediate restoration of the ship and the liberation of the captain. "Count WALEWSKI added, that upon the non-acceptance of this basis, the Minister of France should carry out the instructions he had received. These instructions would, according to the verbal explanation given by that Minister, result in his Excellency retiring, with all the diplomatic and consular corps in Portugal, and leaving to Admiral LAVAND, commander of the French naval forces in the Tagus, the termination of the pending question." Upon this very unambiguous intimation the Portuguese took the only course which was possible for them. They did what any defenceless man would do who is stopped by an armed footpad on the highway—they turned their pockets inside out. Their "careful examination," on which M. WALEWSKI so considerably compliments them, was very rapidly made; and we have, in their own words, the "exact appreciation" to which they were brought by the gentle persuasion of Imperial justice. "Under these circumstances the Government, persisting in the conviction of its right, but seeing, at the same time, the impossibility of making that right prevail, believed it to be its duty to assume the grave responsibility of ceding to the peremptory exactions of France, by directing the release of Captain ROUXEL, and the delivering of the captured vessel."

The story, as our readers will see, is neither a long nor a complicated one. It can hardly be called a quarrel (as was remarked a long time ago) when one side beats and the other is simply beaten. It is nothing more than the affair of a quiet inoffensive gentleman being garotted in mid-day in his own street. We know there are some philosophers who have equanimity enough to regard occurrences of this kind as wholly unimportant. In their judgment, as it is not our throats that have been squeezed, nor our pockets that have been emptied, the affair is none of ours. So great is their dread of the police-rate, that they are all for non-interference—a gospel to which we can promise a host of converts in the purlieus of St. Giles. For our part, we confess that we adhere to the old-fashioned opinion that acts of this description have a very direct and immediate interest for every one who has a purse to lose or a body to be beaten. We are therefore very curious to learn what language has really been held by the English Government in a matter where it appears that it has, in fact, to a certain extent interfered, but interfered in vain. We do not wish to prejudge the case against Lord MALMESBURY, but it seems hardly credible that, if he had assumed a firm and decided tone, the French Government would have dared to persist in the menace of direct force. We were promised by the *Quarterly Review* that the Minister for Foreign Affairs was to cast off "the last rags of the CLARENDON livery." We confess we don't particularly like the cut of the new suit; and if the Government are not able to give a very different version of their conduct from that which is generally current, we shall have no occasion to congratulate ourselves on the change. The character of Lord MALMESBURY, and with it the credit of the present Administration, will stand or fall by the account which they may be able to give of their conduct in a transaction so gravely affecting the honour of England and the safety of Europe.

We cannot complain if the Portuguese resent the part which England appears to have played in this affair with vehement indignation and resentment. They had a right to look to this country for countenance and support under the outrage with which they were menaced—we will not say because they were ancient allies, for we know that "entangling alliances" are out of fashion—but by the title which all the feeble and defenceless States of Europe have to look to a great Power for defence from unjust aggression. Moreover, the Portuguese Government had a special and peculiar claim on the protection of England in the question which was at issue between Portugal and France. England has taken the lead in the European combination for the suppression of the Slave-trade—indeed, that combination may be said to have been the single work of the English Government. We know that there are some persons even in this country who think the traffic in slaves just as

little objectionable as the coercion of independent States. They are true to their own philosophy, but they must permit us to be equally consistent in our dissent. We believe the policy which for the last thirty years has been pursued by England on this question to be worthy of a great nation and a Christian people. Of all the ends to which we directed the mighty resources of an unequalled Empire, there is none which is equally free from the taint of ambition or the suspicion of selfishness. In the varied pages of the history of his country, there is none on which an Englishman can dwell with so good a conscience and so just a pride. Accordingly, there is no cause so deeply rooted as this in the sympathies and the sentiments of every class of English society. It is these sympathies and these sentiments which the Emperor of the FRENCH has, for the second time in the course of a twelve-month, directly outraged and assailed. Lord MALMESBURY must not count on the oblivion of the recess to secure him an immunity which he may not have deserved. The language of the English press, with hardly an exception, proves how deeply and universally public feeling has been stirred by events of which we already know enough to cause grave misgiving and disquietude. Portugal probably did not enter on the task which we pressed upon her by our treaties for the suppression of the Slave-trade with any great cordiality or willingness; but the moral sense of Europe to which we appealed did not permit her to refuse a co-operation in which all the civilized world, with the shameful exception of America, was engaged. Once, however, committed to the cause, she has fulfilled the obligations which she accepted with honour and fidelity. Not enjoying the advantage of a Government that owes its origin to successful perjury, she has not felt herself at liberty flagrantly to violate engagements into which she had solemnly entered. France is the only European Power which has openly returned to the practice of this nefarious traffic under the direct and immediate patronage of the Imperial Government. We suppose that we may number this among the many beneficial results of universal suffrage which it is treason to impeach. Sceptics, perhaps, like M. DE MONTALEMBERT, might doubt whether the "Restorer of the Slave-trade" was altogether the most appropriate character of the "Saviour of Society." But whatever may be the shame of France, Portugal has performed her contract to Europe honourably and faithfully. It is in the discharge of her engagements that she has been exposed to the outrageous and cowardly insult which has been offered to her before the face of the world. It was at the instigation of England that she embarked in a cause which has entailed upon her this affront. It was to England that she naturally looked for protection and support from the violence and menaces of France. Whether that support, justly demanded, has been honourably accorded, is a question which Lord MALMESBURY will have shortly to answer at the bar of English opinion.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

AT the dinner in the Town Hall of Birmingham, Mr. BRIGHT addressed an audience somewhat higher in the social scale than the multitude which had two or three days before listened to his lesson of angry discontent. "You represent," he said, "those of your great community who have a more complete education, who have on some points greater intelligence, and in whose hands reside the power and influence of the district;" and accordingly the language of the orator was less violent and inflammatory, as his subject was perhaps more remote from ordinary or popular sympathies. The wickedness and the folly of war admit of easy demonstration if the reasons and objects for which blood and treasure have been sacrificed are judiciously kept in the background. It is undeniably true that peace is the condition of successful industry, and that powder and shot, and the violent death of thousands, can seldom be regarded as productive investments; but Mr. BRIGHT would not waste his eloquence in the illustration of truisms without some ulterior purpose in the form of a practical inference. So experienced a politician can scarcely hope to recruit consistent adherents of the Peace Society among the gun-makers of Birmingham, nor can he be ignorant that the classes which he has lately addressed have in all parts of the kingdom proved themselves, during the last five years, the loudest advocates of war. The common topics of economy and humanity have furnished no arguments which were found efficient when the national pride was roused in the contest with Russia,

or when deeper feelings of hostility were excited by the Indian revolt; but the inhabitants of Birmingham might have resented a direct censure on themselves, and Mr. BRIGHT adroitly denounces their recent opinions only as perversities especially characteristic of a corrupt and selfish aristocracy. All men, and especially all large assemblies, are willing to be complimented at the expense of their neighbours. DAVID indulged in a pleasant consciousness of superior virtue as he listened to the story of the unjust aristocrat who had provided himself with out-door relief by seizing his poor neighbour's ewe lamb. The Birmingham prophet is careful not to disturb the complacency of any patriot who recently clamoured for war by the sudden interruption of "Thou art the man;" but no man knows better that the warlike zeal of the House of Lords, as compared with that of any popular meeting,

Was as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine.

Next to the Manchester leaders, the "great territorial families" were the coolest assertors of national honour, the most tolerant witnesses of Russian aggression, and, at least in private, the severest critics of the enthusiasm which they regarded as a vulgar delusion. If the aristocracy and the leaders of political parties could have carried out their own wishes, the graves in the Crimea would never have furnished an illustration to speeches in favour of peace.

It is strange that these ill-used families should be taunted with the contrast between their bellicose propensities and the prudent policy which, in the age succeeding the Revolution, was pursued by Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. The great Whig Minister, as the chosen leader and representative of the dominant Whig aristocracy, incurred abundant odium by his resistance to frequent popular demands for war; and his great opponent, who subsequently presided over the conquest of Canada and of India, was, from the beginning to the end of his career, emphatically the man of the people. Mr. BRIGHT's next authority, Mr. Fox, was in his turn the leader of the Revolution families, and it is notorious that the most zealous supporters of the long French war were found in the monied and mercantile community. Great landed proprietors saw little in the reduction of Sugar islands to compensate them for an income-tax of ten per cent., and it is monstrous to assert that the profits on extravagant loans passed into the pockets of the aristocracy. Sir ROBERT PEEL was undoubtedly, by temperament and principle, a pacific statesman, though M. GUIZOT complains that he was more ready to participate in popular irritation than his colleague Lord ABERDEEN; but Sir ROBERT PEEL was for many years the undisputed leader of the landed gentry of England, and it is for Mr. BRIGHT to explain why the objects of his incessant vituperation are not to receive credit for the policy which habitually depended on their support. The owners of property, the possessors of hereditary rank, have the merits, and also the defects, which are naturally connected with their position. To attribute to great landowners an undue susceptibility to affronts from foreign Governments, or an excessive love of war, is as unjust as if the same class were accused of habitual gin-drinking, or as if the working population were charged with luxury, extravagance, and effeminate indolence. The flattery of obsolete prejudices involved in the imputation of interested motives is unworthy of Mr. BRIGHT. We cannot believe that any war within the last century has been commenced or continued for the purpose of providing places and employment for needy nobles. The Peerage supplies an insignificant proportion of the officers of the Navy, and the pay of the Army generally amounts to ordinary interest on the purchase-money of commissions. It seems at first sight doubtful whether it is the object of the speech to recommend a pacific policy, or to hold up a particular class of the community to odium. The argument is probably intended to apply in both directions, and it is not difficult to adjust it in such a manner as to lead to either conclusion. War is wicked and wasteful; but the aristocracy encourages war, and therefore a democratic reform is indispensable. Or, with an easy conversion of terms—the aristocracy is selfish and corrupt, but aristocratic policy leads to war; therefore war is opposed to the public interest. Mr. BRIGHT is undoubtedly in earnest when he proclaims the expediency of peace, but he ought to feel that no great principle can be established on the basis of social jealousies and antipathies.

The 2,000,000,000. sterling which are supposed to have been shot away during some indefinite period are almost as formidable in their array of ciphers as if they represented astronomical distances; yet a practical statesman might have

remembered that, notwithstanding the warlike propensities of successive generations, the growth of English prosperity has exactly coincided with the progress of the policy which ought to have ended in ruin. The wars of MARLBOROUGH, of CHATHAM, of PITT, and of WELLINGTON would, according to Mr. BRIGHT's theory, have terminated in national bankruptcy; and yet the nation was always richer and stronger at the end of every struggle than at the beginning. All the world believed that the American rebellion, ending in a general coalition against England, would have reduced the mother country to the rank of a second-rate Power; but the prosperity of 1786 exceeded the standard of 1775, though it fell far short of that which was realized at the close of the great struggle with NAPOLEON.

It is true that these wars have been waged in defence of the balance of power and in vindication of the liberties of Europe, nor is it possible to argue with a commentator on history who believes that WILLIAM III. resisted LOUIS XIV. for the private benefit of the English aristocracy. The monarch who conquered Flanders, who invaded Holland, who desolated the Palatinate, and who pensioned the English King and Court, undoubtedly meditated the destruction of all national independence in Europe, and to a great extent he succeeded in the attempt. When he was held in check by the heroic fortitude of WILLIAM, and ultimately crushed by the genius of MARLBOROUGH, an object was attained which was certainly remote from the distribution of salaries and pensions. In the days of NAPOLEON, the balance of power was still more rudely disturbed, and the result was the uncontrolled supremacy of a single will from the coasts of the Baltic to the Straits of Gibraltar. If England had acquiesced, like Prussia and Spain, in the triumph of the conqueror, there is no reason to suppose that London would have escaped the fate of Berlin and Madrid; and the costly war of precaution involved less suffering and less outlay than the war of liberation which might otherwise have become indispensable.

It is not necessary to deny that England has, like other countries, been from time to time engaged in unjust and unnecessary wars. The hardships of the single women who might have married the victims of the Crimea and of India furnish an ingenious and original variation on the theme of warlike horrors; but when an outlay of money and of life is allowed to be the inevitable consequence of hostilities, the evil is not increased by turning and twisting it so as to present unexpected points of view. The question for a statesman is not whether an expense is large, but whether it is incurred for an adequate object; and if the security or independence of the country is at stake, he will not readily limit the sacrifices which may be necessary to avert threatened danger. Few worthy ends are to be attained without cost, risk, and suffering. Commerce itself is carried on in despite of shipwrecks, of bankruptcies, and, at the best, with incessant anxiety and risk. The counterbalancing advantages may be seen, and touched, and weighed in the balance, but they are not more real than the results of a just and heroic struggle. The wonderful effort by which FREDERICK the GREAT kept the Continent at bay during the Seven Years' War proved to be the best of all possible speculations for himself and his country.

If peace is to Mr. BRIGHT a paramount consideration, he will do well not only to abstain from all advocacy of Parliamentary Reform, but to restore power as far as possible to the class of rulers which succeeded in avoiding war for nearly forty years. The people forced on the Russian war, and those who court popular favour are always the loudest in demanding satisfaction for any supposed affront on the part of a foreign Government. The feelings and instincts of the multitude are, in national questions, generally sound; but if their first impressions moulded the national policy, peace would seldom continue for a year. Mr. BRIGHT may exercise a beneficial influence if he can diminish the tendency to irritation which is every day more distinctly visible; but he will scarcely succeed in his object by attempting to persuade his admirers that their own propensities are the peculiar vice of another section of the community.

THOUGHTLESS SPEAKING AND ANONYMOUS WRITING.

NOTHING can be odder than the uses to which audiences are now-a-days put. The notion of making a speech to a meeting because you have anything particular to say to those present is quite old-fashioned and exploded. The modern audience plays a part little less insignificant than

the confidante of the old plays, or the Chorus of the Greek drama. It is a mere cheering machine—the helpless vehicle of commonplaces which it is never intended either to understand or to appreciate. It is the cup of coffee which is meant to convey the cod-liver oil—the jam which is to absorb the powder. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT found in the little town of Warminster a jam-pot into which he might introduce a dose of alterative which he administered to English journalism. We can hardly regard his clever but rather irrelevant disquisition as specially calculated for the meridian of South Wilts. Even the parental anxiety of a county member could hardly anticipate immediate and pressing danger from the possible deviation of rustic simplicity into the path of anonymous vice. A warning addressed to the Wiltshire labourer against the temptations of journalism seems nearly as appropriate as the remonstrance addressed by the theological professor to the Sunday-school girl against the alarming semi-Pelagian tendency which her answers revealed. We don't pretend to doubt that the “sequestered spots” of Salisbury Plain contain many “hands that the rod of empire might have swayed;” but we think it probable that, if the village Hampdens of South Wilts should ever dream of resisting some “little tyrant of their field,” they would resort to weapons physically perhaps less innocuous, but in a moral point of view, according to Mr. HERBERT, less objectionable than anonymous writing. It may be assumed, therefore, that his stage-whisper was intended for another audience; but a gentleman who enjoys the equivocal advantage of having everything that he says taken for gospel by his auditors, is not unlikely to fall into the same habits as the unanswerable preacher of sermons whose dreariness Mr. HERBERT deploras. Much has been said and written for and against the compulsory signature of newspaper articles. The rights and duties of the journalist present difficulties not less complicated than those which attach to the profession of the advocate. Of all questions, there is none which may be more emphatically said to have two sides, and it is to be regretted that Mr. HERBERT did not deem it entitled to a more considerate and thoughtful treatment.

We own that we are surprised at his solicitude that the Newspaper Press may acquire increased influence through the means which he recommends to its adoption. Journalism may not be a very popular institution in the eyes of public men; but we suspect that the dislike with which it is viewed is due to its having too much rather than too little influence, and the hope and expectation of those who demand a law of signature is that a Press which is no longer anonymous will be less and not more influential. If the Member for South Wilts had based his argument on the ground that an anonymous writer frequently obtains an authority for his statements to which they are not intrinsically entitled, he would probably have said what he really meant, while he would have taken a position which he might have had a better chance of defending. To say that the Newspaper Press would become more moderate, more just, more consistent, and more moral if writers signed their names, is at least plausible, if not altogether true; but to say that by such a course it would become more powerful, is almost as reasonable as to affirm that SAMSON'S strength was recruited by having his hair cut off. Mr. HERBERT tells us that the House of Commons is jealous of those of its members who are supposed to addict themselves to anonymous journalism—a fact which we take to be unquestionably true, though we do not see how it aids his argument that the Press would be more influential if it were not anonymous. The truth is, not that the Press is less influential because the House of Commons dislikes it, but that the House of Commons dislikes it for the very reason that it is influential. Like all despotic monarchs, Parliament is jealous of “a brother near the throne.” It hates the platform speech at least as much as the unsigned article. An appeal to an influence external to itself always appears to it both unfair and illegitimate. The open and avowed agitation of the League exposed its members to an unpopularity in the House not less marked than that which attaches to the supposed members of the journalistic *Vehm Gericht*.

That a person of “established position” may advantageously attach his name to his writings is undoubtedly true; but that is not the real gist of the question. Of course, if it were known that Lord MACAULAY had contributed an essay to the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that journal would be sought for with greater avi-

dity than if the authorship of the paper were kept a secret. But, on the other hand, when the young Mr. MACAULAY wrote his first review, it was the journal that gave authority to his sentiments, and not his name that gave circulation to the journal. We are as far as possible from desiring to disparage the respect which is paid to established character and well-earned position; but the dominion of authority over the human mind is assuredly not so weak that it requires to be fostered and reinforced by the weeding out of all other influences which may tend to modify and countervail it. The fault of human nature is not that of attending too little to what people are, and too much to what they say. The error, we should say, is decidedly in the other direction. Rank, wealth, station, and reputation exercise a very powerful—perhaps not seldom an inordinate—authority over men's judgment. The constitutional indolence and the conscious ignorance of mankind willingly take refuge in a facile submission to an already established supremacy. To this natural but demoralizing carelessness an anonymous press supplies the most efficient—perhaps the only possible—corrective. Here, and here alone, unthinking people—i. e., the great majority of mankind—are compelled to attend to what is said, and not merely to the person who says it. There may be evils in the system—we are far from disputing it—but on the whole we believe it to be of incalculable advantage both to the writer and to the reader, who is called upon to exercise his judgment unfettered by external influences which, under other circumstances, bias or overawe him. It may be said, of course, that he will often yield to the anonymous authority the same blind and unthinking acquiescence which a superior station or an established name might have imposed on him; but this is only to say that the disease is stronger than the remedy, and the incurableness of a particular patient is no proof of the general inutility of a medicine.

But it is, above all, in respect of the writers that we think it will be found that the anonymous system conduces to the public interest. We are certainly not disposed, with Mr. BRIGHT, to indulge in a violent invective against the constitutional obstacles which close the avenues of political influence against all but those who are favoured by the accidents of fortune. We do not quarrel with a system which renders the House of Commons practically accessible to none but those who have leisure, interest, and wealth at their command. But the very fact that the arena of Parliament is thus contracted makes it the more desirable that there should be somewhere in a free country a large field for political activity and intelligence. It is an anonymous press—and an anonymous press alone—which offers to any man, whatever his private station or his personal means, the opportunity of taking a part in public affairs, and of bringing the resources of his mind to bear on national opinion. It is idle to say that this could be equally done under a system of signature. In the first place, many of the ablest and most competent writers who now occupy themselves with public questions would be compelled to desist from pursuits which might be deemed incompatible with their professional avocations. Journalism would be left in the hands of a few monotonous and professional contributors, and would lose all the variety, originality, and copiousness which it derives from the resources of writers taken from every condition and occupation of life. John Smith, who has not the means of obtaining a seat in Parliament, may take just as deep an interest in politics, and be just as capable of discussing public affairs, as any man who is born to a place in the Legislature. It may be said, "Let him write a pamphlet." But he has too much sense to waste his time in a work which he knows very well no one will take the trouble to read. It will be no better if he sends his ideas to the *Times* with his signature affixed. Every one will ask, "Who is John Smith?" But if he writes a leading article in the *Times*, a hundred thousand people will read what he has got to say, just because they don't know that it is John Smith who is addressing them. It very frequently happens that John Smith has something to say which it is quite as well worth the public's while to hear as anything which is likely to be addressed to them on "social science" or any other topic by persons of the most "established position;" and we confess we should think it a public loss if the only medium were to be destroyed through which it is now possible that he can make his sentiments heard. It may be that the men of "established position" dislike an intrusion which introduces rivals into a field in which they would be otherwise pre-eminent. For our part, however, we think the handicap is a

fair one, and the more horses are entered, the better is likely to be the race.

It may be said that the influence which the anonymous system confers is both irresponsible and inordinate. That it may be abused we are not concerned to deny, for this is an objection which is common to all power. That it is in fact more largely abused than influences more avowed and more responsible, we think the actual state of the English press abundantly disproves. That journalists are too often rash in assertion, loose in argument, and unscrupulous in attack may be true. But we do not find that the publicity of the platform is any cure for evils which are imputed as the peculiar vices of the press. We do not know of any anonymous writer who is more unfair than Mr. BRIGHT, or more insolent than Lord PALMERSTON; nor do we find that the sophistry of journalism loses by comparison with the artifices of debate. It must be added that its singular freedom from personal spite and private malice is one of the most honourable distinctions of the English press.

We are further told that men will often write without their names what they would not say in their own persons. But this imputation is by no means necessarily a reproach. To assert that a man is capable of writing in secret what he *ought* not to say is one thing—to assert that he will write what he *will* not say is another. Of all vices of our day there is none so prevalent and so mischievous as the moral cowardice of our public men. There is too often a most marked and startling difference between the language which persons of established position are in the habit of holding in private, and that to which they give utterance in their public station. The tone which they adopt in their own circle is that which expresses their genuine convictions, but those convictions they are deterred from avowing in public by considerations of the inconvenience which such frankness might entail. Who has not heard in private the most unequivocal condemnation of appointments from the lips of those who in public are the first to defend them? Who has not witnessed the public silence of men on questions on which they had worried the ears of their acquaintance with virtuous indignation? We don't claim on behalf of journalism any high merit for a boldness which is attended by no danger; but such as it is, the virtue is one with which the present reign of cowardice does not allow us to dispense. An anonymous Press is necessary, if for no other reason, because it is the only channel through which any man dares to say what he thinks. When public men of established position have shown themselves capable of fulfilling the same duty, they will have gone some way to supplant the influence which they seem so eager to disarm.

THE PROSECUTION OF M. DE MONTALEMBERT.

IT would be affectation to pretend surprise, and idle to express regret, at the last exploit of the "Saviour of Society." That LOUIS NAPOLEON should hate M. DE MONTALEMBERT was inevitable, because M. DE MONTALEMBERT had rendered him important services—that he should fear him only proves that he knows him to be an honest man. What else could the Emperor of the FRENCH do except prosecute M. DE MONTALEMBERT? A man of genius, who is the friend of liberty and has the courage to proclaim his faith, must either be silenced or destroyed. Imperialism is a system which is very simple and perfectly self-consistent. The Lower Empire indulges in none of the eccentricities which marred the unity of the Great NAPOLEON's policy. No chance ray of sympathy for genius, no accidental gleam of magnanimity or generosity, ever illumines the gloom of that cold, calculating tyranny which seeks to bury the civilization of France in a perpetual night. The Empire rests upon two principles—ignorance and force. It is faithful to its origin, and it is wise to be so, for it has nothing else to depend on. It hates truth and the speaker of truth as AHAB hated ELIJAH; for it knows that if the truth could speak, it would speak evil of it, and not good. We are not among the number of those who think the prosecution of M. DE MONTALEMBERT a political blunder—on the contrary, we hold it to have been a supreme necessity. In this sense LOUIS NAPOLEON seems himself to have understood it. The resolution to institute the prosecution was not left to the *chroniqueurs d'antichambre*—the EMPEROR himself presided over the Council at which it was discussed. In truth, he has engaged in a mortal struggle where compunction would be death, and remorse suicide. It is fortunate for him that these weaknesses probably do not much trouble his spirit.

He fulfils with unrelaxing pertinacity the necessities of a sinister ambition. Ingratitude costs him no effort, and cruelty extorts from him no regret. He succeeds, because he is always ready to pay the price of success. He may even be admired by those philosophers who see no virtue but in force—who recognise no crime but failure. Like the ravisher in the ancient fable, LOUIS NAPOLEON has torn out the tongue of his victim that she may not betray the story of his crime. But he is too skilful a conspirator to repeat the oversight of TEREUS. He will leave France no hands with which she may weave her wrongs into a tapestry.

The prosecution of M. DE MONTALEMBERT gives us a very exact gauge of the present relations of the Empire with the intelligence and honour of France. The Empire has existed now six years, but since the night of the second of December it has not gained one real convert—it has scarcely been able to purchase a solitary traitor. Plundered, insulted, gagged, persecuted, trampled on—everything that is noble, virtuous, and intelligent in France has opposed, and still opposes to the tyranny which oppresses it, a dignified and indomitable resistance. Sometimes in eloquent protests—more often in silent contempt—it secretly cherishes the sacred fires which a profane despotism has not been able to extinguish. Other tyrannies have known how to conciliate the servility of genius—the CÆSARS had their VIRGILS, their HORACES, and their LUCANS. BOILEAU and RACINE burnt their incense at the shrine of LOUIS XIV.; and even the Court of NAPOLEON did not want the ornament of men of letters—dazzled by his genius, perhaps, more than purchased by his gold. But the throne of the Third NAPOLEON happily wants the fallacious splendour which has often gilded successful crime. It remains just what it was from the first. A Court of political gamblers has been able to buy no sycophants except in the very offscourings of letters. The literature of the Empire is worthy of the society by which it is fostered. We have heard much of the scenes of atrocity and debauch which disgraced the chambers of the Tuileries in the fury of the Revolution, but we know no spectacle so shocking as that which has converted the high places of a civilized nation into a society which only reminds one of the promiscuous circle which surrounds a successful punter at a German roulette-table, eager to back his luck and to share his gains. In the midst of this shameful scene of corruption and of baseness, there remains one consolation, one redeeming hope, which forbids us altogether to despair. The mind of France has been betrayed, but it is not subdued. Calamity has not broken its fortitude, the allurements of power have not sufficed to seduce its virtue. No man of moral weight or dignity—no man of commanding ability—has bowed his knee before the image which NEBUCHADNEZZAR has set up. The expressive silence of the whole mind of France is itself an eloquent protest against the ignoble tyranny which tramples on it. What would not the master of a hundred legions give for one word of approbation or encouragement from the mouth of a single public man respectable by his ability and his character! It would be worth to him more than all the *mouchards* whom he pays in vain, and all the venal *claque* whose worthless services are so dearly purchased. But this word he cannot buy, for he has nothing to offer which those who have it to give care to take from him in exchange. They want freedom, but the air of freedom would be death to him—they seek for truth, but his Empire is a lie. He hates and would gladly destroy them. But the bayonets which have made him what he is cannot reach the spirit which he fears. It remains as indestructible as the soul of which it is part—it endures his malice, defies his violence, and will survive his end. Since the days when TIBERIUS tried to burn Christianity out of Rome, the contest between Imperialism and the human mind has been a losing battle.

As for M. DE MONTALEMBERT, we shall not insult him with impertinent condolence, or disgrace ourselves by unworthy regrets. The situation in which he finds himself is that which becomes him, because it is that which is alone worthy of a man of honour and of genius. On such men exile or the gaol is the only honour which the Empire can bestow, and which they need not blush to accept at its hands. It is well that Europe should from time to time be reminded of the true nature of the Government which holds a dagger at the throat of France. It is right that it should be understood that the silent abstention of all that is respectable in France is not a fit of sulky ill-humour, but the inevitable consequence of a real and a brutal repression. The praises of freedom, even as practised in another

country, are intolerable to the ears of those who have assassinated it in their own. The eulogy of clemency and toleration cannot be otherwise than a crime in the eyes of a Government which is at once a persecutor and an executioner. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has rendered a service to his country and his cause by unmasking once more the friendliness and malice of his oppressors. To him, and those who with him are supporting this terrible but hopeful conflict, we can lend no substantial aid. What we can give them freely—our sympathy, our admiration, and our esteem. Though we cannot divide with them their perils or their trials, we can share the ardour of their faith and partake their confidence in the ultimate triumph of their cause.

THE CONNEXION OF ENGLISH AND INDIAN POLITICS.

WHEN the suppression of the Double Government was first under discussion, we remember directing attention to the almost incalculable consequences with which the measure was fraught in the action and reaction of English and Indian politics on each other. Some of the most respectable of our contemporaries treated this view as curiously chimerical, but it certainly receives confirmation from the first great project which comes to us from India with any sort of authority. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's plan for establishing Bible classes throughout the Empire at the public expense might pass, point for point, as a copy of the Irish Protestant Church. The principle is exactly the same. A subject population, greatly outnumbering its ruler; is made to pay out of its taxes for opportunities of learning their religion. There is no compulsion in either case. No Roman Catholic need attend church, and no Hindoo need send his child to a Bible-class, but both must pay for facilities of listening to the doctrines of a religion whose title to this advantage is the fact that it is the religion of a conquering race. Oddly enough, when a satirist, thirty and more years ago, wished to brand the Irish Establishment as a burdensome anomaly, the example which he selected as the crown of all absurdity was a similar attempt to proselytize in India. The Mahomedans were supposed to insist on the Hindoos paying for a public butcher's shop in every one of their cities. It was true that the Hindoos did not eat beef, and held the eating it to be a horrible crime. Well, cried the Mahomedans, you need not eat it unless you please, but it is only a proper tribute to our faith that you should have the means of doing it readily at hand if you should hereafter repent of your wicked aversion. TOM MOORE's joke, it would appear, has quite lost its point. A butcher's shop scheme for India has been received in England with general acclamation, while the settlement of the Irish Church question has been postponed by all practical politicians to the Greek Kalends amid a universal acquiescence which the follies of the majority of Irishmen have had no small share in producing. Yet, before a new institution is erected on the lines of the old one, surely we may well pause to consider what is involved in this most momentous act. Everybody must see the stability which the Irish Church derives from the blunders of its assailants and the helplessness of British statesmen, but is there any one in his senses who would deliberately select it as a model to be imitated in a colossal copy? Or is there any one, however indisposed to cast the first stone at it, who would be a party to endowing it with a virtual perpetuity? This is, however, exactly what will be done for the Irish Church by the adoption of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's measure. It instantly becomes unassailable. There are no arguments against it except that it is the religious establishment of a minority, that the majority don't want it, and ought not to be compelled to pay for it. This reasoning is destroyed from the moment that the English people unanimously determine to make two hundred millions of men bear the expense of religious advantages which they repudiate with horror.

The shortsightedness of the Dissenters who have joined in the Indian religious agitation is positively ludicrous. They are helping to perpetuate the Church which is the great witness against the voluntary system, and they are on the point of destroying the grandest voluntary organization which exists—that of the Missionary Societies—for we take it as self-evident that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE's measure will be fatal to the present Missionary system. Sir JOHN himself admits the sacrilegious use which might be made of Bible-reading by teachers who were non-Christians, or half-Christians, or sham-Christians, and allows that the sacred volume must be expounded

to the classes by persons who accept its truths. To teach the Bible in Government schools will therefore become the first duty of the missionary. He will be metamorphosed into a religious official of the State, which, as it remunerates him for his labour, will have the right to command his time and regulate the manner of his service. There is a radical inconsistency between such employment as this and the superintendence of the Parent Society at home. The zeal of the subscribers will cool; the directing bodies will strive more and more to cast the expense of proselytism on the Government, and the end will be that the Societies will cease to consider India a whit more a field for their labours than a country parish in England which the Established Church has undertaken to look after. Judging from the language of the "British Christians" and others, the feature of the plan which blinds the Dissenters to its true character is the supposed liberty which all will enjoy to stay away from the classes if they please. Now, if the classes are once organized, we will give the system two years at longest to maintain the semblance of voluntarism. A despatch from the old Court of Directors has just been published in India which will show what we mean. Two of their educational officials report to them that they have found the greatest possible difficulties in subduing the native suspicion that the new education measures are the first step to the forcible imposition of Christianity on the country. And so, these gentlemen coolly add, thinking any attempt to dispel this idea would be lost time, we have considered it best to take it as we find it, and simply tell the people that it is the desire of the Government that their children should be educated. The Directors protested with indignation against this violation of a solemn engagement; but the conduct of which they complain is the natural resort of over-zealous or over-indolent servants. A feeble attempt may be made for a year or two to convince the Hindoo that the attendance at the Bible-classes is voluntary, but it will end in his being openly informed that the Government commands his children to study and believe the Bible.

It appears to us that the difficulty as to the form of faith to which the Hindoos are to be converted by State-agency will arise much sooner than Sir JOHN LAWRENCE anticipates, and arise, too, in a shape which will cause great perplexity to many powerful sects of Dissenters. Sir JOHN meets this objection by observing that happily all sects in India are agreed in the importance of inducing the Hindoo to study the Bible. We doubt it not, but this only amounts to saying that the sects are agreed to waive their differences while the first steps in the process of conversion are going on. But the new system, we presume, is to bear fruit in some real results; and, if a Hindoo is converted, which communion is he to belong to? Is the missionary who happens to have officiated as first teacher in the Government-school to determine the convert's form of faith? This is not an idle question, as a simple consideration will show. One of the most successful and numerous of the Indian missionary bodies is attached to the Baptists. Now, as a Hindoo lad attending a Bible-class and becoming a convert may be a father of a family, what is to be done with his children? Are they to remain unbaptized, and so unblest by the rite which the vast majority of Christians regard as the condition of Christian fellowship; or are they to undergo a process regarded by one of the most powerful of Indo-Christian bodies as an unholy mockery? On this point, which lies on the very threshold of the subject, we presume it will be admitted that the sects will be promptly and bitterly divided, and any man of decent impartiality may convince himself that a crowd of still more embarrassing questions lurk behind. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE seems to assume that the State in India may long remain quiescent in the character of Christian unattached, but we apprehend it will have to make up its mind almost immediately to what communion it will give away the converts it has paid for.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.

WHEN Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN abstained from imitating the infamous example of his companions in exile, it was naturally supposed that the sense of honour proper to a man of birth and station had prevented him from breaking his parole. He is still entitled to the credit which may attach to the absence of a disgraceful crime, but in all other respects he seems to have made it his object to prove that an Irish rebel necessarily discards all the feelings of a gentleman. Not long since

Mr. O'BRIEN charged the officer who arrested him with the theft of some petty articles which were supposed to be packed in his portmanteau. He now intimates that the generous public feeling to which he owes his recall was the result of some discreditable motive, which, however, he does not find it convenient to specify. The coarseness of perception which characterizes the man is evidently connected with an obtuseness of intellect which renders him impervious to reason. To boast of levying war against the Government, and at the same time to complain of the "mockery of a trial" which ended in his conviction, indicates a mental confusion which may account for the statement that the English Government deliberately starved the victims of the famine in 1847. In no other country in the world would an unrepentant rebel be allowed to boast with perfect impunity of his past offences, or to propagate disaffection among his countrymen by seditious addresses; but it is well that the impotence of treason should be allowed to expose itself without external interference. The change of feeling in Ireland is strikingly illustrated by Mr. O'BRIEN's voluntary admission that his appeals are addressed to a minority of his countrymen, and it is worth observing that even Repeal agitators are compelled, in these degenerate days, to recognise the expediency of a federative union with Great Britain. The rebel, or Sepoy, party is in truth utterly devoid of any hold on the feelings of the people. The priests have always regarded the lay demagogues with suspicion and dislike, and since the departure of Mr. DUFFY, no preacher of disaffection has found his way into the House of Commons. The Repealers are as obsolete as the English Luddites, and the name of their party may soon be almost as totally forgotten. Their disappearance from political existence is partly attributable to the folly of their project, and in a great degree to the imbecility of their leaders; but the chief lesson which it conveys is that the danger of explosion is removed when combustibles are left to burn themselves out with freedom from all constraint or pressure.

The toleration which was extended to O'CONNELL by successive Governments may have resulted from party motives, from weakness, or from indolence, but if Irish politics had been directed by the most resolute sagacity, no wiser course of action could have been adopted. It was evident that the separation which the Agitator affected to desire was in the nature of things impracticable. The map is sufficient to show that Ireland could never be allowed to possess an independent existence. The creation of a French province beyond St. George's Channel would require that Great Britain should first be reduced to servitude. The internal condition of the country would alone have rendered it impossible to exclude the interference of a more powerful neighbour. If the English flag had been struck, the leaders of the Irish Republic would still have been compelled to deal with the immovable English garrison which occupies the North; and within two years foreign interference would have been required to suppress an internecine civil war. But it is scarcely worth while to enumerate the reasons which might have satisfied the Imperial Government that there was no risk of any systematic insurrection. There was reason to believe that O'CONNELL himself relied for personal security on the conscious insincerity of his own incitements to rebellion. During the whole of his career he never explained the process by which independence was to be achieved, nor did he ever draw up any plausible scheme of the future constitution of his country. At the close of his agitation he seemed to feel that the reins were dropping from his grasp, and the well-timed prosecution which was undertaken by Sir ROBERT PEEL, finally put an end to his hollow sedition. It is a remarkable circumstance that no subsequent demagogue has been able to inherit any portion of O'CONNELL's power. The assistance of the priests was necessary to govern the people, and the brawling insurgents of 1848 were distrusted as Protestants, notwithstanding their noisy professions of patriotism. The democratic commonwealth which was to be founded by the aid of pikes and vitriol furnished no sufficient security for the orthodox conformity of its rulers. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN and his accomplices went into exile as little regretted by the priesthood whom they had vainly courted as by the intelligent and respectable inhabitants of all parts of the kingdom.

It was difficult to endure the formidable sedition of O'CONNELL, and the insolent pugnacity of the successors who caricatured his violence; but the *ci-devant* Young Ireland of the present day excites a feeling which partakes as much of com-

placency as of contempt. It is a natural law that error and wisdom alike bear fruit in a future generation. The recent memory of penal laws and of anti-Catholic prohibitions gave a colour of patriotism to Irish discontent for years after it had ceased to be necessary or justifiable; and in like manner the policy of emancipation, at the end of thirty years, is producing the consequences which were too hastily anticipated by the authors of the change. It is to English legislators that the measures which have regenerated the country are almost exclusively due. The Poor Law and the Encumbered Estates Act were adopted in defiance of protestations from all the habitual advocates of disorder; nor can it be doubted that politicians of the cabbage-garden school bitterly resent the permanent endowment of Maynooth. Lay and clerical agitators, from Cardinal Wiseman to Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, naturally endeavour to provoke the Government or the nation into some coercive measure which might once more furnish a plausible excuse for disloyalty; but England has ceased to be susceptible to empty insults as Irish menaces have become less frequent and less alarming. If Mr. O'BRIEN should on any future occasion bring himself within the clutches of the law, no Government will be in a hurry to relieve him from the appropriate punishment of his conduct. It is, however, far more probable that he will henceforth confine himself to the illustration of that license which is permitted by the English Constitution for the sake of the liberty to which it forms a parasitical appendage. In his impotent obscurity he will continue to bluster against the tyrants who protect him notwithstanding his ingratitude for unmerited indulgence. O'CONNELL himself would have been too sagacious to mutter useless sedition at a time when his loudest vituperation could have produced neither mischief nor annoyance to England.

A PROTECTIONIST REVIVAL.

IF there is nothing new under the sun, there are at any rate some things so old that they come upon us in these days with all the charm of novelty. A reproduction of ancient manners and customs has even more zest than an absolutely novel exhibition. An Eglintoun tournament, or a Highland gathering, owes its power of attraction to the fact that such things were once realities, or at least are supposed to have been so. The recent Protectionist manifesto of the North Shields Shipowners Society belongs to this class of archaic entertainments. Nothing like it has been produced for years, and its solemn prosings and awful warnings sound wonderfully strange in our ears, though they are but travesties of what actually passed current with a large section of society only ten or a dozen years ago. We live fast in these times, and the short period that has gone by since the bubble of Protection burst has created a tone of feeling so entirely new, that arguments and illustrations which called forth the whole intellectual energy of the country to expose them present themselves now as a mere antiquarian revival of forgotten delusions. The real answer to the pathetic appeal of the shipowners is the smile of incredulity with which ninety-nine out of every hundred readers welcome the complaint.

It is good to have an occasional exhibition of this kind, if only to rub up recollections which are growing historically dim, and to convince us of the extent of the revolution of opinion which a few years has brought about. One reads the favourite old Protectionist arguments with amazement that such reasonings should once have influenced acute and experienced statesmen, just as one looks at the man in brass on Lord Mayor's day, and wonders that human beings should ever have gone about in such cumbrous integuments. But no one now challenges the man in brass to a passage of arms, or thinks it necessary to engage in serious discussion with such an anachronism as a Protectionist Society. The only interest of the affair is in the curious fidelity with which exploded absurdities are reproduced. Mr. CHARLES KEAN never revived the manners and costume of an ancient or mediæval period with more admirable exactness than is displayed in the shipowners' imitation of the style and the logic of the almost extinct race of Protectionists. The foolish dogma that we ought to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market is treated with as much contempt as if it had not become an article of national faith since the opponents of free-trade first began to demolish it with figures and sarcasm. The madness of paying a small price to foreigners when fellow-countrymen are ready to serve us at double the cost is de-

nounced as vigorously as it used to be when the free-trade theory had only reason on its side. Now that experience has more than confirmed the predictions of economists, we are favoured with all the old demonstrations that the community which deals with foreigners is mulcting itself for the good of other States. What pages of *Hansard*, and what columns of the *Morning Herald*, are recalled by arguments like this:—"Suppose that by employing the alien vessel instead of a native one, the merchant got goods conveyed at 2*l.* a ton instead of 3*l.*, and so made an apparent saving of 1*l.* a ton, yet the absolute payment to be made by this country to another for the article imported will be 2*l.* a ton more than it would be had the British ship been employed, and this 2*l.* a ton is to be provided for in the exchange and supplied in gold or its equivalent." This is worthy of the Cannon-balls themselves; and it is a matter of course that the antiquarian gentlemen who have so cleverly revived an ancient argument should find it "a transparent and self-evident fact, that in throwing open our carrying trade to the ships of foreign nations, a large and valuable private interest is sacrificed without at all conducting to the good of the commonwealth."

We think we remember when the lament over large and valuable private interests was not confined to the North Shields Shipowners Society. But in spite of plaintive entreaties, and warnings of national ruin that made the hair stand on end, the private interests were sacrificed without remorse, and are now for the most part in an embarrassing condition of prosperity which they never knew till after their martyrdom. Who ever saw a cheerful farmer until the whole race was made to pass through the fire before the altar of free-trade? And now the type of the old grumbling yeoman is almost lost. But for the declaration of grievances just issued from North Shields, we should have imagined that a desponding shipowner was almost as rare as a disappointed farmer has become. We shall perhaps not long have the opportunity of seeing or hearing a specimen of the class; but before the melancholy race disappears altogether, it deserves to be recorded that in the year 1858 there exists at least one club of fine old shipowners, all of the olden time, who grimly look forward to the rapid and certain ruin of their country, and see in imagination "the foreigner smile at our sim-plicity, and while pocketing our cash, exclaim, *Sic vos non vobis*."

Like the most famous of the Corn-law advocates, the new champion of Protection for the shipping interest revels in figures. He reckons that in the year 1857 we paid to foreigners for freight, over and above the "legitimate" gains which they would have made under the old code of Protection, no less a sum than 9,980,164*l.*; and this, in consequence of the mischievous competition which has prevailed, is only two-thirds of what we must have paid for the same amount of work if British ships alone had been employed. The employers of shipping have thus paid, in round numbers, 10,000,000*l.* a year to foreigners, in place of 15,000,000*l.* to native shipowners. The author of the manifesto reckons this as 10,000,000*l.* lost to the country, though fanatical free-traders persist in regarding it as 5,000,000*l.* gained. The statistics of tonnage are as gloomy as the returns of freight. From 1849 to 1856 British tonnage only increased by about a million and a quarter tons, being just 28½ per cent. in seven years; and the whole increase since the repeal of the Navigation-laws is only 60 per cent. From these figures the conclusion is naturally drawn (after the manner of Protectionists) that "not only is the vitality of the mercantile marine of Great Britain at stake, but also that of the empire itself." But the real sting of the official returns is in the increase of foreign shipping frequenting our ports. When we removed the barrier that had so long excluded foreign ships, the strangers actually increased more rapidly than our own vessels. If we may trust the shipowners' manifesto, it seems that the free-trade policy has been so completely successful that, in addition to the large increase of our own marine, the foreign tonnage at the disposal of our merchants has been augmented in the ratio of 162 per cent. since 1846. That the foreign shipping entering our ports should have increased since the removal of restrictions at a greater proportionate rate than our own, fills the shipowners of North Shields with alarm, though it is only the necessary consequence of the fact that the proportion of foreign ships had been previously kept below its natural level by artificial means. Probably the result of the treaty of Tien-sin will be that the propor-

tional increase of the English population in China will be some hundreds of times as great as that of the Celestials themselves; but there is about as much likelihood of English barbarians swamping the 300,000,000 of Chinamen as there is of the British marine being swamped by the "baneful" competition which the South Shields Society so fervently deprecates.

A more plausible grievance, however, is the want of reciprocity which our liberal measures have met with from other countries. Many of them still protect their ships as they do their manufactures. The policy is bad for us, and worse for them; but if they will not learn wisdom from us, we cannot afford to imitate their folly, and the northern shipowners may rest assured that merchants and consumers will not pay some millions a year in extra freight, in the vain hope of coercing France or America into a more far-sighted policy than they have yet thought fit to adopt.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT'S ARTICLE IN THE CORRESPONDANT.

THE article in the *Correspondant*, written by M. de Montalembert, and entitled "Un débat sur l'Inde au Parlement Anglais," has just been rendered famous by the French Government, which intends, or threatens, to make it the subject of a State prosecution. Of the political bearings of the step taken by the Government we speak elsewhere. Our object here is merely to lay before our readers a sketch of what this incriminated article is really like, for the *Correspondant* is not very widely circulated, and probably does not come into the hands of many persons in England. The article, original, spirited, and eloquent throughout, deserves to be carefully read in full, but even an outline of its contents may suffice to give some notion of what M. de Montalembert says, and of what the French Government objects to.

The article opens with the following stirring and finely-written passage:—

There are some unhappily constituted minds for which repose and silence are not the supreme good. There are persons who feel, from time to time, a longing to depart from the tranquil uniformity of their ordinary life. There are soldiers who, conquered, wounded, in chains, condemned to deadly inaction, gain consolation and a new life from seeing the struggles and dangers of others. That which attracts them is not the sad and paltry feeling of reassured egoism which Lucretius has depicted in his famous verses; it is a purer and a higher motive. It is the effort of the disarmed gladiator, who, looking with emotion on the arena whither he will no more descend, claps his hands at the exploits of his more fortunate rivals, and sends forth to the combatants a cry of sympathy, which is lost, though not extinguished, in the midst of the generous shouts of the attentive crowd.

I honestly confess that I am one of those persons; and I add that for this civil—from which it is so little the fashion to suffer now-a-days—I have found a remedy. When I feel that the stifling malady is gaining on me, when my ears ring, now with the buzz of the gossips of the antechamber, now with the din of the fanatics who think themselves our masters, and of the hypocrites who think us their dupes; when I choke with the weight of an atmosphere charged with the pestilential vapours of a corrupting slavery, I hurry to breathe a purer air, and take a bath of life in free England.

The last time that I gave myself this relief chance served me well. I lit exactly on the midst of one of those great and glorious struggles where play is given to all the resources of the intelligence, and all the movements of the conscience, of a great people; where there are started, to find solution in the open day and by the intervention of noble minds, the greatest problems that can agitate a nation whose days of tutelage are past; where men and things, parties and individuals, orators and writers, the depositaries of power and the organs of opinion, are called to reproduce in the heart of a new Rome the picture painted long ago by a Roman fresh from the emotions of the forum:—

"Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Notas atque dies niti prestanti labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri."

At these words I see some brows grow dark, and express the repugnance inspired in the followers of the fashions of the day by all that seems a remembrance of, or a regret for, political life. If among those who have opened these pages there are any who are governed by these fashions, I say to them openly,—"Pause, and go no farther. There is nothing in what I am going to write which can possibly please or interest you. Go and ruminate peacefully in the fat pastures of your happy tranquillity, and do not grudge to those, who do not grudge you anything, the right to remain faithful to their past, to the disquiet of mental life, and to the aspirations of liberty." Every one takes his pleasure where he finds it; and we are tolerably sure, not indeed, to understand one another, but to come to an end of dispute when we have no ambition or affection in common, and when our notions of happiness and honour are perfectly different.

Besides, I readily grant that nothing, absolutely nothing, in the institutions or the political personages of France in the present day has any resemblance to the things of which, and the men of whom, I wish here to give a rapid sketch. Certainly I make no pretension to convert those disciples of progress, who regard Parliamentary Government as advantageously replaced by Universal Suffrage, or those political optimists who maintain that the final triumph of democracy consists in abdicating into the hands of a Sovereign the exclusive direction of the external and internal affairs of a country. I write for my own satisfaction, and that of a small number of invalids, of triflers, of madmen, perhaps, like myself. I study contemporary institutions which are not our own, but which have been ours, and which seem still to a person so behind-hand as I am, to be worthy of admiration and envy. The eager sympathy which men of high ability have awakened for the fair ladies of the Fronde, for the equivocal personages of the great English Rebellion, or for the obscure and barren struggles of our old Communes,—may we not ask that it shall once in a way be bestowed on the acts and deeds of a nation which is living and moving in its strength and its greatness at seven leagues' distance from our northern shores? I think we may; and moreover, I fancy that this study of foreign statistics, or, rather, of contemporary archeology, may beguile our idle hours as well as a commentary on the Comedies of Plautus, or a narrative of an exploring expedition to the sources of the Nile.

M. de Montalembert then proceeds to say that he had ardently desired to investigate the causes of the Indian revolt, as he felt a profound sympathy for a people at once Christian and free, on whom God had imposed so terrible a trial; and that his sympathy had been redoubled by the inhuman animosity exhibited by the religious press of the Continent. He wished to say to every Englishman whom he met, that he did not belong to the parties whose organs praised and justified cut-throats, and who pray daily for the success of the Mussulman hordes over a nation of Christians and allies.

It is, he continues, in her colonial policy that England has been most great and triumphant. She has created, not colonies but peoples. Everywhere in her dominions the fullest liberty is given to the Catholic religion, and under her sheltering care the Catholics of Canada are a numerous, a happy, and a prosperous people. But, as he goes on to say:—

All this is forgotten, misunderstood, or evil spoken of by certain royalist and Catholic writers, who pour daily the flood of their venom on the greatness and freedom of England. They must be strange royalists, and very ungrateful, who forget that England is the only country in Europe where the *prestige* of royalty has remained unimpaired for nearly two centuries, that it is also the only country that has given an inviolable shelter to the august exiles of France, and has lavished with unheard of munificence its succour to the French nobility of the Emigration, and to the French clergy prosecuted for not having been willing to make a bargain with schism. Still more strange are the Catholics who do not fear to compromise not only all the rights of justice and truth, but even the interests of the Church, by obstinately insisting on establishing a radical hostility between Catholicism and the free prosperity of the vastest empire now existing in the world, whose every victory over barbarism opens an immense field for the preaching of the gospel and the extension of the Roman hierarchy. One of the darkest pages of the history, already so little edifying, of our religious press, will be the cruel joy with which the disasters, true or false, of the English in India have been hailed, those strange sympathies for the butchers of Delhi and Cawnpore, those daily invectives against a handful of brave men battling against invincible enemies, and a murderous climate, in order to avenge their brothers, their wives, and their infants, and to re-establish the legitimate and necessary ascendancy of the Christian West over the Indian peninsula. One is revolted by such sanguinary declamations, accompanied by constant attempts to provoke to war two nations bound together by a happy and glorious alliance, while the instigators of this war know that they would be the last to undergo its dangers and sustain its sacrifices. And when these declamations inundate the columns of certain journals specially devoted to the clergy and encouraged by it; when they show themselves between the narrative of the apparition of the Holy Virgin, or the picture of the consecration of a church to the God of pity and love, the result is that every Christian soul, untainted by the passions and hatreds of a retrograde fanaticism, feels a painful repugnance which may be reckoned among the rudest trials of the life of an honest man. It is as if one heard in an Eastern night the cry of the jackal between the cooing of doves and the freshening murmurs of running water.

The press, however, does not represent the whole Catholic world. The Pope has contributed to the Indian Relief Fund. Bishops have rebuked the ill-will and calumnies of these slanderers. Honest men must acknowledge that English Protestantism has at least done as much as Catholicism for the heathen. Catholic nations have failed miserably in the task assigned them by Providence. History cries out to Spain, "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?" What remains of the conversions of St. Francis Xavier in Hindostan? What of all the vast organization of the Church entrusted to the patronage of the Crown of Portugal? At Goa may be seen the deadly influence of absolute power on Catholic colonies and on their metropolis alike. The Roman Catholic Church is more free in England and Ireland than in any part of the world, while no nation is so steadily and so grossly calumniated as England by the Catholic press of the Continent. And the English press is the subject of constant abuse, and of abuse coming from quarters which show how little persons in France are capable of appreciating the real function and importance of the English press, or of any free press. It is not often that a Frenchman speaks to his countrymen so plainly as M. de Montalembert, in the following passage:—

Those who feel themselves repelled by the coarseness or the evident falsity of the judgments sometimes passed by writers and speakers in England on that which is going on out of their own country, ought not to forget two things—first, that this bitter and unbridled criticism is poured forth still more freely, more rudely, and more habitually on English men and things; secondly, that it is always the act, as it is the thought, of an individual belonging to a society where the progress of civilization has ever consisted in the unlimited development of individual force and freedom. But this is exactly what is continually forgotten; and the result is that the Continental press forms an estimate ridiculously false and exaggerated of the real importance of speeches or writings, which people persist in quoting and commenting on as if they had a half official value. In spite of our long and many relations with that country, in spite of the slight distance that divides France from England, and the short interval that divides us from our own past, we have lost the power of understanding the position of a great free people where, above all, the individual is free, and gives free scope to all his fancies. We have not only the habits, but even the instincts of those peoples, wise perhaps, and discreet, but ever in a state of pupillage, who sometimes indulge themselves in frightful outbreaks, but who soon fall back to that condition of civil impotence, where no one speaks except by order or by permission, being under the salutary terror of a warning from on high, if he ventures ever so little to contradict the ideas of the authorities, or the ideas of the mob.

The writer then passes a warm though critical eulogium on the general administration of the Company in India, but pauses to express his horror at the bloodthirsty acts, and still more at the bloodthirsty language, with which the suppression of the rebellion has been marked among those who have not had the responsibility of high office and personal publicity to check their tongues. It is pleasant to pass thence to the remembrance of the great individual heroism and nobleness that has been displayed. There was Havelock, "a personage of antique grandeur, resem-

bling in all that was best and most blameless in them, the great Puritans of the seventeenth century." There were Nicholson, and Neil, and Henry Lawrence, and there was Peel, the son of the great Sir Robert, victors in a struggle between civilization and barbarism—strangers to no Christian people, to be admired by all, without restriction or reserve, an honour to the human race; while the spectacle of the victims of Cawnpore, listening to the liturgy of their Church before they went to slaughter, seems a page taken from the acts of the early martyrs—a scene to be placed by the side of that of the great day of fast and humiliation which exhibited the noble spectacle of a whole people prostrate before God, demanding pardon and mercy. M. de Montalembert arrived in England just in time to hear the debate on Lord Canning's proclamation—the first serious attack on the Ministry since Lord Palmerston's downfall. Of the causes which led to the defeat of the Palmerston Ministry, M. de Montalembert speaks with singular freedom:—

Two months had scarcely passed since the accession to office of Lord Derby's Ministry, and the unexpected fall of Lord Palmerston. The causes of his fall are well known. To the universal horror excited in England, as everywhere, by the execrable attempt of the 14th January, had succeeded a lively irritation produced by the conduct of the French Government, and by sundry documents inserted in the *Moniteur*, which seemed to make English society, which has no political police, responsible for the preparations made in planning a crime which all the vigilance and power of the French police had not been able to prevent. The Government of Louis Philippe might exactly as well have held England responsible in 1840 for the Boulogne expedition. We think that we may speak freely of this incident, as our Government, with a creditable sagacity, has since given up insisting on the points which then gave it anxiety. The right of asylum is regarded by the English people as one of its national glories, and no people is so little disposed to abandon a right because a bad use may be made of it. This right had, moreover, stood in good stead Frenchmen of all opinions and all parties through the many revolutions which have torn asunder modern France. Above all, it had been taken advantage of by the different dynasties which have passed over France; and the present Sovereign had made freer use of it than any one else. There was, therefore, a feeling of indignation against Lord Palmerston and his colleagues for the condescension they displayed in replying to the Imperial demands. There was heard in the country the old rallying-cry of the struggles of the Crown against the Papacy of the Middle Ages, *Notumus leges Angliæ sustinere*. Although the Commons had voted the principle of a bill, in itself perfectly reasonable and constitutional, intended to facilitate the application of the penalties of the law against the principals and the accessories in a crime committed in a foreign country, the House could not resist the current of public opinion, and on the 19th of February, it passed a vote of censure on the mode in which the diplomatic relations of the two countries had been conducted. Under the blow of this solemn censure, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues felt bound to retire.

The history of the debate on Lord Canning's proclamation is too familiar to English readers to make M. de Montalembert's account of it very interesting. It is, however, interrupted by a very amusing and graphic account of the Derby Day, and contains some curious and suggestive remarks about the principal speakers of the House of Commons. M. de Montalembert rejoiced in the result of the debate, as he thought the present Government in the right. He thus describes his feelings on leaving the House:—

While these reflections were being made on all sides, I quitted the scene with feelings of emotion and satisfaction, such as every man must experience who sees in Government something else than an antechamber, and in a civilized people, something else than a docile and indolent troop who are to be shorn and led to feed under the silent shades of an enervating security. I felt myself more than ever attached to the convictions and the hopes of freedom, which have always, through the saddest phases of our history, cheered that select band of honest men whom disappointment and defeat have not beaten down, and who even in exile, even on the scaffold, have retained enough patriotism to believe that France is capable like England of enduring the reign of right, of light, and liberty. A noble faith, worthy to inspire the most painful sacrifices, and which although betrayed by fortune, deserted by the crowd, and insulted by cowards, does not the less keep its immovable empire over noble souls and generous minds.

M. de Montalembert concludes with some general remarks on the position of England. The Indian debate showed that the old parties are breaking up, and there is no reason to regret that this should be the case. The internal politics of England do not call for any strong division of parties, for any unusual measures, for any great step to be taken. England is at peace with herself, and all parties desire to advance in the direction in which the nation has for years been moving. Nor is it from the masses or from the struggles of Socialism or Democracy that England has to fear danger. She is, however, in great danger, and the danger is all the greater because she refuses to see it. Her danger is from without. She is exposed to the attack of a foreign enemy. Who the enemy is that is likely to attack her, M. de Montalembert does not distinctly say, but he intimates what he means so plainly that no one can misunderstand his meaning. This is the warning bestowed on us by a man of whom we are at least sure that he knows what he is speaking about, and that he writes under the influence of a sincere affection for England:—

No, the danger of England is not there—there is a danger, but in another quarter. It is from without that its real dangers threaten it, dangers to which it may succumb, and as to which it is under a disastrous delusion. I do not speak only of the Indian revolt, although I am still far from being as confident of its final issue as England appears to be: but Europe seems to me more to be feared for her than Asia. At the end of the first Empire, all Europe with the exception of France, was in intimate agreement with England, and was more-over penetrated with respect for the recent exploits of her army in Spain and Belgium. Now it is not so. The armies of England have unjustly, but incontestably, lost their prestige. And the gradual progress towards free ideas in England, and the backward march of the great Continental States towards absolutism, have placed the two lines of policy on two paths entirely different, but yet parallel and sufficiently near one another to make it possible that a

struggle may any day take place. There is, too, in many minds, a moral repugnance against England, which is in itself a serious danger. The English regard as an honour and a compliment the invectives of the press which preaches fanaticism and despotism; but they would be very wrong in thinking that there is no repugnance towards them except of a kind which they are right to be proud of. The Comte de Maistre said, in 1805, "Do you know the great difficulty of the extraordinary epoch in which we live? It is that the cause we love is defended by the nation we do not love." I, who love the nation almost as much as the cause she defends, regret that M. de Maistre is not here to denounce, with that "wrath of love" which made him so eloquent, the awkward effrontery displayed by British egoism in the affair of the Isthmus of Suez, of which England wishes to shut the door, although she already holds the key at Perim. I should also have liked to have heard him speak on the ridiculous susceptibility of a part of the English press with regard to the Russian coal-station at Villafranca; as if a nation which every day extends its maritime empire in every quarter of the globe, and which occupies in the Mediterranean such positions as Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, could pretend to complain that other nations try to extend their commerce and navigation.

On the one hand, then, the feelings of legitimate sentiment awakened by the imprudent and short-sighted policy of England in her relations with other States; on the other hand, the horror and disgust inspired in servile minds by the spectacle of her advancing and prosperous freedom, have created in Europe a common ground of animosity against her. It will be easy for any one who pleases to work this animosity to his ends, and to profit by it to engage England in a conflict from which there is a great chance of her coming out conquered or lessened. It is then that the masses, wounded in their national honour by unforeseen disasters, may raise storms of which nothing in history has as yet given an idea. To prevent this catastrophe, she must no longer plume herself on the nature or the extent of her resources. Her military forces, and above all the military proficiency of her officers and generals, are evidently beneath her mission. Her maritime power may be, if not surpassed, at least equalled by ours, as it has already been in the days of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., as it will be again when our honour and our interest demand it. England is too confident in her past glory, and in the natural bravery of her children. Because she is essentially warlike, she wrongly thinks herself on the level of modern progress in the art of war, and in a position to resist the superiority of numbers, of discipline, and of familiarity with camps. Because, in 1848, the most valiant and best disciplined armies did not preserve the great Continental Monarchies from a sudden and shameful fall before an internal enemy, she is inclined to question whether a good and numerous army is the first condition of safety against an external enemy. Because she is free, she wrongly believes that she has nothing to fear from the enemies of liberty. No, her institutions are not an impregnable bulwark, as Mr. Roebuck foolishly said on his return from Cherbourg. Alas! the experience of modern and ancient times has proved that free nations may succumb like others, or even more quickly than others. Liberty is the most precious of treasures, but, like all treasures, it excites the envy, covetousness, and hatred of those who do not wish that others should possess what they have not been able or willing to possess themselves. Like all treasures, like beauty, like truth, like virtue itself, Liberty must be watched over and defended with a tender solicitude and an indefatigable vigilance. All the inventions of which modern science is so proud are as much in favour of despotism as of liberty. Electricity and steam will as readily lend their aid to the master of legions as to a good cause. By making mechanism so largely replace the moral spring—the individual energy of man—they invite and assist the victory of force over right. This is what the friends of England and of freedom ought never to lose sight of.

THE TWO LORD SHAFTESBURYS.

IN the days when conversation was a mixture of business and amusement, it was a standing topic of discussion whether ridicule was or was not the test of truth. The respondent might maintain the affirmative or the negative of the proposition, while the opponent had always the opportunity either of showing that falsehood alone was laughable, or, perhaps, that truth was not unfrequently laughed at. "Yes," the philosopher would reply, "fools may laugh like thorns crackling under the pot, but if they are in the wrong, their contempt is in itself contemptible, and thus it appears that truth is the test of ridicule." The retort that truth must in its turn be subjected to some test, of course reopened the question, to the common satisfaction of the disputants; and, in the days of Johnson and Boswell, the recurring puzzle was as familiarly known as the ancient statement of Epimenides, the Cretan, that all Cretans were liars. Lord Shaftesbury has discovered that the saying was originally used in its present form by the ingenious and heterodox Shaftesbury of the *Characteristics*, and he has taken the opportunity to denounce the author of so prodigious a paradox to the mature judgment of a Young Men's Christian Association at Bradford. The appendages of religious humility are various and remarkable. Many an owner of a cottage possesses a double coach-house, but there is only one pious orator who can immolate, in the presence of his audience, an ancestor who was at the same time a heretic and an English earl. The present owner of the title, like another illustrious teacher of mankind, rather "likes to be laughed at," and it seems that he has always thought the third Lord Shaftesbury a wicked man, because he takes the side of the laughers when he declares that ridicule is the test of truth. Yet there is one non-natural sense in which the grim jocularity of the platform is willing to accept the obnoxious formula. Ridicule, it seems, is a symptom that its object is solemn and venerable, because flippant jesters have occasionally been known to make Scriptural language the subject of parodies. The inference that Pharisaical professions, and those who make them, are as sacred and inviolable as Scripture, is one of those convenient doctrines which habitually flourish under the shadow of the broad phylactery. The Lord Shaftesbury of 1700 says that ridicule is the test of truth. "Yes," says his descendant in 1858, "it is the test of, or rather it is the proof of, truth. Whatever is ridiculous must be true, because only the wicked indulge in ridicule, and their doctrines are necessarily false:—

Ridentem dicere verum

Hoc votum.

Exeter Hall decrees that because Lord Shaftesbury is virtuous, the ginger of jest and merriment shall not be hot in the mouth. The profane world can hardly be expected, however, to admit that whatever is obviously ridiculous must be intrinsically true.

Although Lord Shaftesbury may not be aware of it, there is a side to his character which offers no temptation to laughter. The narrowest, the bitterest, the most intolerant of religious partisans becomes useful, active, and beneficent when he has only inferiors to deal with, and no opposition to fear. The notorious weaknesses of his character probably arise from the circumstance that he has polemical doctrines to support, while nature and education have equally indisposed him to abstract thought. The indefatigable activity which has, for a quarter of a century, given him the lead of every philanthropic movement, is a quality which, though it may be accompanied by harshness of character and bluntness of perception, is neither common nor despicable. Even Lord Shaftesbury's addresses at Bradford and elsewhere, when they pass out of the regions of controversy, are more earnest, practical, and honest than the conventional harangues of any rival itinerant who is at present lecturing on "social science." Factory Bills, measures for the relief of the degraded mining population, Ragged Schools, and reforms of lunatic asylums—works like these, though they may be deformed by occasional mistakes and exaggerations, offer no temptation to laughter. Negatively, at least, ridicule is, in instances like these, an accurate test of truth. The devotion of a life to the benefit of the poor and suffering classes furnishes no ludicrous contrasts. That the applause which naturally follows great public services should produce undue self-confidence—that the successful man of action should assume a jurisdiction over theoretical truths—that the thoroughgoing instrument of faction should call God to witness that he is superior to party—such are the inconsistencies which provoke from Mr. Disraeli and others a benevolent and irritating smile.

At the risk of incurring the condemnation which has fallen on the author of the *Characteristics*, the world will long continue to believe that ridicule is the test of truth. Lord Shaftesbury and his followers may be assured that thoughtful and educated men find no exclusive or irresistible amusement in travesties of Scripture, nor are they in the habit of thinking serious things peculiarly absurd. No man in his senses ever laughed at a donkey in a sand-cart, although, from the time of *Æsop* downwards, the same useful animal has been warned against the error of imitating the gambols of a pet dog. The puppy in harness, and generally all things, men, forms, and opinions, out of their proper places, are involved in inconsistencies which give occasion to ridicule when they are presented in unexpected or remarkable contrasts. It is the essence of humour to present objects on a background of a different colour, and it is idle to complain that the ridicule which is directed against frivolities and meanness affects the great truths of morality. The comic element of *Tartuffe* consists in the high religious pretensions of a coarse and unprincipled intriguer, but from the time of *Molière* successive generations of *Tartuffes* have always complained that the satire under which they suffered was addressed to religion. The gross and conscious hypocrite was better adapted to the purposes of the stage, because the contrast of his villany with his professions was intelligible to every portion of the audience; but the involuntary intolerance of the self-satisfied fanatic appeals to a deeper sense of humour. The weakness and conceit even of a good man may be amusing, though his goodness is exempt from ridicule.

In a certain sense, again, truth is the test of ridicule, because an inversion of intellectual and moral judgment implies a corresponding incapacity to distinguish wisdom and folly. If the young shopmen at Bradford were to accustom themselves to laugh at teachers and preachers, they would certainly destroy their own wholesome feeling of reverence, and they would probably misapply their unsophisticated ridicule. Thought and knowledge are required to form the principles which are at the basis of all serious or comic judgments, and experience is required for the due discernment of practical inconsistencies and absurdities. Nevertheless, that which appears to any man ludicrous is to him, at that moment, not a proper object of respect. Those who have reason to feel confidence in their own judgments and perceptions will continue to feel justified in laughing at the empty pomposity of pretenders and partisans. Their undeniable liability to error equally affects all their gravest opinions.

BRITISH CHRISTIANS.

ONE of Foster's well-known Essays is on the distaste with which educated intellects view "evangelical religion." The author, being himself an evangelical writer, and one of the greatest among Dissenters, regrets the fact; and in assigning reasons for it, he suggests that religion generally, and that particular east of it with which he was connected, had suffered much, not only from the narrowness of spirit, but from the peculiar language and the lack of appreciation of common sense in which its truths were addressed to the world. And by the world he did not understand profane and godless people, but men of right mind, and cultivation, and literature. Foster observes—such is the substance of his complaint—that such people are disgusted by religious affectation, and his conclusion is, that as religion was not meant for fools, the fault is not always with the world but

with the professors. If he had lived to see the Sanhedrim of "British Christians" at Liverpool, his argument would have been strengthened. We must say at once that religion generally suffers by this sort of thing. Even though we have no sympathy with many of the forms and shapes in which religion moulds itself, they do not become public offences if kept to themselves. Very possibly the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference or the language of the Quakers' anniversaries or the like, would not be to our taste, however well suited to the occasion, which is private; but they are not forced upon us. If Plymouth Brethren, or the like, have an esoteric doctrine, and a *lingua arcani*, they keep it to themselves. When religious people come before the world and ask for space in the daily papers, and evidently talk chiefly with a view of being reported, they have no right to make religion contemptible by their folly. A person is not necessarily a scoffer who can detect nothing but the ludicrous element in a religious gathering of "British Christians" which requests Sir Culling Eardley to preside over its deliberations. This is *ipso facto* a joke; and we cannot take a more serious view of it. What else can be made of the sheer absurdity of British Christianity—the thing of all those old centuries and all these living millions—coming down into the single solidarity of a synod under Sir Culling Eardley, Bart.? Think of him, or the like of him, presiding over British Christianity! *Ubi lapsus, quid feci?* What have Christianity and Britain done that they are brought so low? What right has this body of two or three score of dissenting preachers, even though we give it the overpowering adhesion of Lord Roden, two M.P.'s, and a Scotch law lord, to stand before heaven and earth as British Christianity?

Of course we shall be stigmatized as profane and ungodly. We shall be unctuously reminded that the especial savour of holiness is not for the carnal, and that neither religious men nor religious language can be understood by the worldly mind. But this is not the question. Undoubtedly there may be, and is, very properly, a special language and special tone for the inner things of religion; but the Liverpool meetings are not the inner things—they are the outer things. The object, in so far as it may be said indirectly to have one, of the Evangelical Alliance—which, whether it is or is not the same thing as the British Christians, we are utterly unable to find out—is a practical and external one. It addresses the world. It is—allowing everybody to have his own religion—to see how far Christians generally may combine for common purposes. This is, in theory, intelligible and practical. Such a scheme ought to address itself, in the widest language and the largest spirit, and in clear businesslike fashion, to the plainest and broadest duties. It ought to have something to show, especially in the way of work and attractiveness. Broad, or even latitudinarian, in the widest spread of comprehension and aim, it must be. Grandeur and width and depth are necessary to it. It ought to offend nobody, and to be offended with nobody. Positive and conclusive it must be, for its work is to build and not to destroy—to do something, and not to contradict everybody—to remove differences, not to cause them—to pass over what it would call denominational prejudices, and to find for Christianity in the abstract its purer ether and its larger scope. A narrow speech, and hesitating gesture, and faltering gait, and talk for talk's sake, are fatal to such lofty pretensions. And yet the members of this pretentious body at work cannot see the melancholy, while ludicrous, contrast between their promise and performance. They cannot see that in their persons religion itself becomes ridiculous. They can look each other in the face, recur to the natal day of their organization, "in this very town fourteen years ago," and congratulate themselves on the "birth of the giant in infancy, which went forth to fulfil its mission of love and kindness to the nations;" and they can say all this with Sir Culling Eardley the head and base of the whole movement. Fourteen years, and fourteen anniversary sessions of talk, and not one single thing done, nor one single step taken! We believe that the Madiab bubble was blown by the Evangelical Alliance, and occasionally it attempts some spasmodic imitation of life by abusing somebody else's religion. But, making allowance for these trifles, what has the Evangelical Alliance done further than sent the customary Baronet in his customary presidential chair? It is a mere business question—a matter of practical inquiry, not at all entering into the deeper matters of what is called experimental religion, but only needing to be stated in the most intelligible way—to ask what has the Evangelical Alliance done, especially in connexion with what it professes to do? What is it likely to do? Profane or not, we have a right to put this question of those who profess to represent British Christianity; and if the Evangelical Alliance were wise they would try to answer it in a plain way, without religious metaphors or conventional figures of speech.

Dr. Raffles answers it by saying "The key-note is to be struck in one word, 'Love.' this was what was announced fourteen years ago." *Amo*, conjugated for fourteen years, and no fruits forthcoming. Fourteen years' gestation, and nothing to show but Sir Culling in the chair. Fourteen years of alliance—fourteen annual conferences and general meetings, with forty resolutions at each, and how many committees and conferences we know not—and union and works as far off as ever. Or further—for even in discussing the duty of mutual love the brethren contrived to fall out by the way—Mr. Jenour, one of the very few

clergymen present, who was civil enough to sacrifice his own church on the altar of mutual love, and to profess his entire readiness to open the doors of the Church of England to "all denominations," was only snubbed for his exuberant charity. He was told by a Wesleyan brother that the Church of England was already too wide and too broad—that the proper idea of uniting was for every Christian body to be as narrow, sectarian, and exclusive as possible within its own limits—and that the real way for Christians to agree was to talk about agreeing, but to keep their own doors shut. In entire consistency with this negative character of the Alliance, we find that the only thing which they agreed upon was to pass a resolution, not exactly in favour of any plain, definite, intelligible plan for Christianizing India, but rather against what they think is somebody's else scheme, together with two or three resolutions against other people's religious practices which the Alliance did not like. Christian union, then, is to be attained by a number of religious preachers and professors—some coming from America and one being a converted Mussulman, "the Rev. Wazir Beg, formerly a Mahometan"—making speeches, some decidedly oleaginous, and one or two described as "humorous" from the American brethren, all about love and the duty and delight of being at one, and the comfort and edification of mutual affection. All these gentlemen meet in a very odd attitude, and one which it is difficult for a physiologist to realize, with "their heart in their hand," as Sir Culling gushingly expresses it. But if their heart is in this curious place, something which ought not to be there is in their hearts—a little self-seeking, as they would say, a little narrowness, and what they would call denominational prejudices, a little greasy satisfaction in the presence of a live lord, even though it is only Lord Roden, and a little sense of self-importance at the notion of getting all their talk into the newspapers.

However, we are misrepresenting the British Christians. In one respect, they worthily represent the British nation: and the conclusion of the Conference was by far the most business-like and sensible part of it. It is a satisfaction to find that the British Christians, like the bold and respectable Britons which they are, we dare say, individually, however we may denounce their right to the collective title which they have assumed, dined together after the conference. Talking about love, and passing resolutions about unity, is hungry and thirsty work. We can answer for the emptiness and dryness of the whole proceeding; and it is pleasant to learn that "the entertainment of the reverend gentlemen" at the London Café and Restaurant, "had never been equalled." We dare say they are good judges of good fare; and we trust that the British Christians may live to eat as many good dinners as they consumed last week in Liverpool, and that the union which they have failed to find for the Church, they may at least not miss at the mahogany. Anyhow, it is something that the British Christians made one step to good sense by winding up with a good dinner.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

WE are sorry to say that we are never entrusted, as some of our weekly contemporaries are, with the solution of any of the charming perplexities which agitate gentle bosoms. No "Emma" or "Selina" writes to us in confidence to know how she is to regain Edward's wavering affections, or whether, in the ecstatic interval between proposal and wedding-day, a kiss is to be allowed. Yet as the office of directing the feminine mind, rashly assumed by curates, has been reserved by the public voice to the editors of weekly journals, we feel that we are not discharged of our duties towards our female readers by any coyness on their part. We propose, therefore, to begin at the beginning, and to discuss for their benefit, by the light of modern facts and modern intelligence, the time-honoured question of the respective advantages of a course of virtue and a course of vice. Times have changed since earlier moralists wrote, and if they lived now, they might see reason to alter their advice.

We will suppose that the choice of Hercules presents itself to some member of a class that is too numerous in this country—a destitute woman of education, the daughter of some curate or unsuccessful professional man, or of some merchant or tradesman ruined in a commercial crisis. The constitution of society in England allows her to choose between two modes of support. She may become a governess, or she may become what is delicately called a "Social Evil." And that she may make her choice judiciously between these two alternatives, we will attempt to lay before her the respective advantages of each line of life. At the outset of the inquiry, however, we are met by the difficulty that, as no Committee of the House of Commons has sat upon the subject, and as the Income-tax returns are kept secret, we have no reliable statistics on which to found an estimate of the average salary of a Social Evil. All we can say is that it seems to be of an amount which is not incompatible with a brougham in the park, a house at St. John's Wood, and an occasional box at the opera. In estimating the profits of a governess's labours we see our way more clearly. Her employers are in the habit of advertising, which in the other case is not customary. The following advertisement from the *Times* will give our hypothetical young lady an idea of the advantages of a governess's situation:—

WANTED, a MORNING GOVERNESS, for a young lady 11, and little boy 6 years of age. Must be experienced in tuition, about 25 years of age, and able to impart a sound English education; Parisian French conversa-

tionally and grammatically, good music, singing desirable, and drawing. Hours from half-past 9 to 1. Terms 10s. per week. Address P., Trimmer's, post-office, Camden New-town, N.W.

Terms ten shillings a-week! If, therefore, she is strong and able to work seven hours a day, she may be able to obtain two such situations and earn a pound a week—which, supposing her never to be ill, will come to fifty-two pounds a year, out of which she must lodge, clothe, and feed herself. We are afraid that she will have to live in some locality less airy than St. John's Wood, and that she must altogether renounce all idea of the brougham in the park or the box at the opera. Of the comparative *agréments* of the two professions, it is of course only possible for those who have had personal experience to speak. But the earlier moralists who have dealt with this question, such as Steele in the *Spectator*, or Hogarth in the "Harlot's Progress," were generally willing to concede that during the heyday of life and health, vice was a joyous matter enough. The point on which they insisted, with all their marvellous power of pen or pencil, was that when health was broken, and age was drawing near, the superior advantages of virtue showed themselves. And in our own days most of us must remember the harrowing descriptions in Mr. Warren's *Diary of a Physician*, and in Hood's celebrated poem, of the horrible misery of the close of a dishonoured life. This is a point that should be well weighed, on the principle that a prudent person will always prefer low pay with a certain pension, to high but precarious gains. And it would doubtless seem antecedently probable that society, looking upon the profession of a governess as more useful than that of a Social Evil, should, through those charitable institutions by which its feelings are expressed, have made a richer provision for those who in following that profession have condemned themselves to decayed health and premature old age. Let us see, then, what is the provision for the *emerita* of the two callings. For the succour of the decayed governess there exists, so far as we know, but one charitable society—the well-known Governesses' Benevolent Institution. It is quite clear that the client whom we are now advising will not have saved much from her 52l. a-year of salary. The following extract from one of the Reports of the institution will instruct her as to the extent, judging from other examples, to which she is likely to require aid in her old age, and the extent to which she is likely to get it:—

On a recent occasion, there were one hundred and twenty candidates for three annuities of 20l. each. One hundred and twenty ladies, many reared in affluence, and all accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of at least our middle ranks—all seeking an annuity of 20l. Of these ninety-nine were unmarried; and out of this number, fourteen had incomes of, or above, 20l. (eleven of which were derived from public institutions or private benevolence, and three from their own savings); twenty-three had incomes varying from 1l. to 17l.; and eighty-three had absolutely nothing. It will be recollected that all these ladies are above fifty years of age; and of the utterly destitute, forty-nine were above sixty.

Let us turn from these piteous statistics to a more cheerful picture. The decayed Social Evil has none of these terrors before her. She is a favourite with the religious world. She affords a great opportunity for the exercise of pious emotions, and also for curious minds to dive innocently into the mysteries of a forbidden region. Moreover, being impulsive, and possibly in want, she is an admirable subject for religious manipulation. She will relate experiences, or attend confession, according to the exigencies of her patron's creed, with the most exemplary docility. Accordingly, we have counted at a time the advertisements of five institutions contending at once for the possession of these spiritual "subjects;" and there are several provincial institutions besides. All parties agree in their enthusiasm for the Magdalen. If she retains any preference upon the subject, she can choose between the Bishop of Oxford on one side and Lieutenant Blackmore on the other. Nay, even worldly rank is not forgotten in these penitential retreats. It would be too much to expect a sorrowing Social Evil from St. John's Wood, even in her self-abasement, to herd with a contrite street-walker. The philanthropists have therefore considerably provided an aristocratic retreat for well-nurtured sinners, under the gentle tutelage of the Rector of St. James's. No doubt the undertaking is still in its infancy, and the classification is rude enough. But we may expect a greater development in course of time. We understand that, in compliance with the wish of the clerical body, there is to be a separate ward for clergymen's daughters, and that, at dinner, peccant peeresses are to be accommodated with a dais.

But perhaps these "Penitentiaries" are hermitages of austere penance and rigid rule—mere hospitals for the soul, with nothing to tempt the body. The *Englishwoman's Journal* (March number), which is doubtless in our fair readers' hands, paints a much softer picture. A contributor to that estimable periodical visited the London Diocesan Penitentiary, whose appeals, countersigned by the Bishop, have been in every newspaper during the past autumn; and she has written down for the world's benefit what she saw and heard. We are bound to notice that, though the advertisement asks for money, the visitor records that there was no lack of funds, but that, for want of "sisters" to work the institution, it was not so full as it might have been. The visitor tells us that her visit left so agreeable an impression on her mind that she is anxious to share it with others. What that impression was, will be best told by placing together a few extracts from her account:—

The place itself is a large mansion standing in its own grounds, surrounded by high walls; a very healthy, airy, spacious abode. . . . We saw the girls

walking up and down the broad walks of the beautiful grounds attached to the house, or sitting at work on benches beneath the old chestnuts or Portugal laurels. The sunshine falling upon their white caps and pale grey dresses made them, seen in the distance, grouped in the leafy arcade, resemble a flock of doves. Alas! poor torn, desecrated doves, &c. &c. . . . The dormitory was a large chamber subdivided into about a dozen cubicles or small sleeping apartments by wooden partitions and doors which rose within a few feet of the ceiling, thus producing privacy to each occupant of the cubicle, and not preventing the free circulation of air. All here was scrupulously clean. . . . I noticed above several of the beds those little religious prints called in France "images;" . . . There were also holy words and sentences embroidered in box and ilex leaves over many of the beds. The girls become greatly attached to their cubicles. . . . Also I observed there was a list of the girls' names—names by which they were known in the establishment; each girl receiving a new name and new clothes when she enters this Penitentiary, and as it is to be hoped, commencing a new life. The names were peculiar; they were Gertrudes, Amandas, Rosalines, Helens. I saw but a small number of Ruths, Marthas, or Marys.

It would be painting the lily to add more to this picture. We need only say that the Gertrudes and Amandas of this romantic hermitage sometimes stay till a situation or a passage in an emigrant ship is provided for them—sometimes return, after a short visit, to their former occupation—and that during their stay they employ themselves in light needle-work and washing. Nothing more remains for us to do but to subjoin, just by way of bringing the comforts of a penitentiary into full relief, one or two brief pictures of governesses' lives, painted by those who sought for them the scanty and inaccessible dole of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and then we shall have furnished our client with ample materials for making her selection. They are but specimens from among hundreds of cases:—

No. 6.—Miss Mary J. A., aged 58, 1853. One of sixteen children; left home in consequence at fifteen years of age. With two sisters, supported her father for many years, also an orphan niece. Impaired sight and infirm health have obliged her to subsist entirely upon a small legacy, now utterly exhausted. Mental derangement daily increases under the pressure of perfect destitution, having no means from any quarter.

Miss Mary C., aged 80. Became a governess at fifteen, sending home most of her salary. All her life engaged in tuition, principally at the head of an establishment; was the entire support of an aged parent for many years, and during long and severe illness. By the request of a dying brother, took the care of an orphan niece, who now tends her infirmities and shares her privation, herself in a very weak state of health. No income; no future prospects.

No. 42. Miss Emma Sarah E.—t, aged 52, 1857. Father a captain in the army; died without leaving any provision for his family. Educated two sisters, and assisted other relatives. Since a severe attack of bronchitis, her health has been unequal to any but casual engagements. Earned in the last year only 5*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

In contrasting this bleak and desolate misery with the "beautiful grounds," the "benches beneath the old chestnuts," and the cozy, decorated "cubicles" of the Gertrudes and Rosalines of Highgate-hill, we have forborne to deal, as becomes our calling, with any but purely temporal considerations. In respect to any others of a higher nature, we can only say that the chief agents in thus inverting the ordinary law of retribution and reserving the reward for the evil-doers, are no ungodly laymen, but bishops and clergy of every degree. Doubtless they believe that they have their scriptural justification. They are constantly in the habit of citing the text, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance;" but if we are to judge by their application of the text, it appears that, by a curious confusion of earthly and heavenly enjoyments, they read it, "There shall be more virtuous on earth for one sinner that repenteth than for ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

THE HALICARNASSUS MARBLES RESTORED.

THE faculty for spoiling a good thing is by no means among the least curious or prominent of those with which mankind is endowed. It can scarcely be called an exceptional faculty, being compounded of two of the leading principles of human nature—perversity and self-conceit. It usually pays its possessor well. In all ages of the world, the man who spoils a good thing receives general laudation, or at least creates active partisanship, in his own generation—the reaction and retribution come in the next. For the purposes of inexorable Nemesis and poetic justice that answers very well; but meanwhile the good thing has been spoiled. One can understand, however, how the plan works for the time. It is so distinguished a position to occupy, to be able to say, "This is not yet good enough. I see how it can be improved, how it can be made to carry itself thoroughly out, and am the predestined improver and completer. You fancy it will do as it is, but I know better. Only let me have my own way, and you shall see what you shall see. I am the man who has the new and higher development *in petto*."

Upon nothing does the faculty for spoiling a good thing exercise itself more virulently and systematically in our own day than upon the monuments of fine art. "Restoration" is the modern euphuism for the process. People cannot be got to understand that, in fine art, the thing once done is done for ever—that as long as the vicissitudes of time and change allow it to stand at all, it must stand just so, and no otherwise. Art is not a thing to be patched and cobbled, but, if good, to be preserved—if bad, to be replaced or destroyed—never to be "done up again." The work of one brain and hand, howsoever deciduous or maimed, can never be re-constituted by another brain and hand. A statue which has lost a leg is exactly in the

case of a man who has lost a leg. No process on earth will ever avail to give either a new leg which the eye of surgery or of taste can recognise as a vital member supplying the place of the lost one. The man may get a wooden prop, and the statue a stone block, to serve the purpose of mechanical support, and save each from tumbling; and there an end. There is nothing further to be done. The interest of a work of art, both artistically and archæologically, consists in having it as it left its framer's hand. An accident which mars its completeness is to be deplored—remedied it cannot be, and no remedy ought ever to be attempted. A Phidias has carved, or a Raffaele has painted, a perfect human form—accident, wanton or casual, has reduced that form to a trunk or a hand. That hand or trunk is just as sacred as the complete form of which it bears solitary record; and it is just as illegitimate and destructive to add to it as it would have been to substitute a new head or limbs for those which time might have spared to us. Smith or Jones, Eastlake or Gibson, has nothing to do with it, except to leave it as it is. Even apart from this unalterable principle, the carver who can fashion a good leg has something else to do than stick it on to another man's good torso—he must make it the extremity to a good torso of his own. The carver who can only fashion a bad leg has no business to turn another man's good torso into a hybrid and a caricature by tagging it on. There is, no doubt, such a thing as just and rightful restoration. If a building splits or sinks, piece it or prop it up; if a mosaic breaks, join it; if a picture is obscured, clean it; if a statue is in fragments, reunite them. To neglect these repairs were mere supineness or fatuity. But these, or such as these, are all that ought to be done; and even here, wherever anything is needed beyond replacing the work in its original condition, the right plan, generally speaking, is to make the repair visibly a mere excrescence, and necessary makeshift and eyesore, rather than to attempt any illusive incorporation into the original.

We regret that in speaking of the late splendid accession to the art-stores of the British Museum—the Grecian marbles dug up at Halicarnassus—it becomes our task to denounce, as a flagrant instance of the evil on which we have been commenting, the restoring process now in course of application to them. Mausolus, King of Caria, reigned at Halicarnassus in the fourth century B.C., dying probably in the year 353; and the monument erected to his memory by his sister and widow, Artemisia, ranked, as every one knows, among the seven wonders of the world. Its sculpture was the work of Athenian masters—Scopas, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares—each of whom took one side of the monument to work upon. Vitruvius would substitute or add Praxiteles to Timotheus; but this statement does not appear warranted by internal evidence. A fifth artist, Pythis, sculptured the colossal quadriga which surmounted the Mausoleum—a term, we need hardly observe, whose generic application has arisen from the fame of this specific work. The general form of the monument was a pyramid in steps, set on the top of a columnar rectangular building. The conjectural restoration of this, to modern apprehensions, very abnormal form has been a stock theme for antiquary and architect; and what with their essays and the actual facts recently brought to light, a defined judgment may now be come to on the subject. Scholars are mainly indebted to the Knights of St. John of the opening fifteenth century for furnishing them with this subject for the exercise of their ingenuity. As usual, the hand of man was heavier upon the world-wonder than the hand of time. However scored, scarred, and bedimmed by the latter, the Mausoleum still bore clear record of itself, until, in their contests with the Turks, the Order broke it up into building-stones for defence, and fused its goodly carvings into their pristine line. Since then, it has been nothing but a shapeless heap and a great name.

The spirit of modern research has, however, reclaimed some of its relics for our instruction and admiration. In 1846, under the auspices of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, eleven slabs from the Castle of Budrum, the modern Halicarnassus, were recovered, and are now in the British Museum; and another, of which also the Museum possesses a cast, was detected at Genoa, in the Villa Negroni. Mr. Newton, the British Consul at Mitylene, guessed, ten years ago, the real site of the Mausoleum, and about two years have elapsed since he began his excavations. These have been richly rewarded—so richly that not only has it been found necessary to deface the external colonnade of the Museum by running up between the pillars a glazed shed to house the Halicarnassus marbles, pending their final allocation in the main building, but vast numbers of articles remain for the present in the cellars. There are more than two hundred little figures in *terra cotta*—often casts from the same mould, and of the Roman period, an entire Roman room—for the exhibition of which a new building is demanded, besides numerous mosaics, and the like.

The real treasures, however, which have rendered the search at Budrum an important link in the chain of antique discovery are those bestowed in the glazed shed. The most signal result of that search, for the archives of art, is the recovery of the first unquestionable works of Scopas' own hand still extant—the friezes of the eastern side of the Mausoleum being known to be his sculpturing. This master, one of the most renowned and consummate of the Athenian school, was of very advanced age when these slabs of the Amazonian War, which fully answer to his fame, came from his chisel. Among the other masterpieces are

the trunk of a horse, with the trousered limbs of its male rider; the head and neck of one colossal horse, and the hind quarters of another, from the quadriga by Pythis; the statue of Mausolus, by the same; a sitting female colossus, supposed to represent Artemisia, but wanting the hands and head; the lower part of a draped female figure, of life-size, and treated with the most perfect art; and six architectural sculptures of lions, taken from the castle-walls, into which they had been fixed as stone-blocks, head outwards. These are of varying merit, and scarcely up to leonine grandeur; but the fore part of a leopard, with the retracted ears, and stealthy head and action, reaches deeper in character.

Having happily recovered these noble works, it might have been supposed that what remained to be done—to treat them reverently, and guard them religiously—would be the remaining step. But what would thus have become of the honoured principle of spoiling a good thing, and what worse precedent for the future could have been furnished? The controlling powers of the Museum had only to look within their own walls for the alternative which lay before them. On the one side they might contemplate the Townley Venus—almost the most absolutely perfect female form which antiquity has bequeathed to us—degraded and mystified by the modern arm stuck on to it by recent connoisseurship. On the other, they had the Elgin Marbles, sublime and mighty relics—wrecks, if you like, though not properly to be called so—which no puny whipster has dared to lay his finger on.* Conceive the Theseus with an improvised foot, or the portentous bosoms of the Fates suited with headpieces from a studio in Belgravia! The controlling powers have laid the meaner lesson to heart, and consigned the Halicarnassus Marbles to the tender mercies of Mr. Westmacott as superintending restorer, and a staff of modellers as working genii. What Mr. Westmacott's superintendence may have practically amounted to we shall not stop to inquire—the upshot being only too plain, that, if active, it has produced, and, if passive, permitted, a very deplorable defacement of the marbles. That is the worst of it—that the good things are spoiled. The next worst is, that the damage is not gratuitous, but to be paid for in hard cash; and surely a nation which thinks twice before it incurs an outlay for the benefit of art, might ponder thrice before disbursing for its maltreatment.

The manner in which the Halicarnassus marbles have been dealt with exemplifies to a nicety both the right and the wrong restoration. In the first place, there was a great deal of piecing to be done. The statue of Mausolus, for instance, ten feet high, is recomposed out of more than fifty fragments. He now stands complete, as of old, save the hind part of the head, one foot, and the arms and hands which used to hold the chariot-reins. This piecing required to be done; and it has been accomplished not only unexceptionably, but excellently. There the zeal of Mr. Westmacott and his assistants should have ceased. But the case is far otherwise. The hind-quarters of the colossal horse did not look slightly enough. They must have a pair of plaster legs to match (studied apparently from a very common cast which adorned the classic shed on the occasion of our recent visit) or not even to match, as we incline to think that to the hind-quarters sculptured by poor old Pythis, legs with a more decided and contracted action belonged. Any one who wishes to see the difference between the power and character of the original and the adjunct may compare the plaster hoofs with one recovered from Budrum. We believe, however, that this antique hoof belongs to the horse of which the head and neck remain, and which, as accurate observation has ascertained, is on a slightly larger scale than the hind-quarters. We cannot say what further "improvements" remain in store for these fragments. Probably the fore-quarters may receive their due quantum of legs as well as the hind-quarters; and the two stand at present in a suspicious proximity which almost suggests that these two segments of varying scale are to be united by a trunk. The spirit of modern restoration is equal even to such an achievement as that. Mausolus has received a new left foot and left side of the head—the Artemisia a right knee of plaster. Still more objectionable, if that be possible, is the doom decreed to the beautiful antique to which we have alluded as the "lower part of a draped female figure." The plinth on which this stands is marked out with a slight and characterless indication of a foot and ankle, which are to be carved in completion of the legs now fractured just below the curve of the calf.

To say that these wretched modernisms will bespeak their origin plainly enough to the educated eye is only to say that they degrade the works upon which they are foisted, and ought with all speed to be abolished. We would fain hope—though it may be hoping against hope—that some spark of late compunction may yet linger in the official bosom, and that this mischievous folly may be summarily stopped from proceeding further, and, in so far as it has already proceeded, be reduced from its native nothingness to literal nothing.

* We cite the Elgin Marbles as instances of the right course as regards non-interference with the present condition of the figures in point of dilapidation, &c. Till recently they might have been cited as well treated in all respects; but this is no longer the case since the scrubbing of their surfaces, which is due, we suppose, to the same itching to have a finger in the pie which has dictated the tampering with the Halicarnassus Marbles. According to appearance, the surfaces have borne the brunt of this operation not without real injury. They certainly look disagreeable in their present state; and the very best which the Museum authorities can possibly have to say for themselves is that time will restore them to their former satisfactory aspect. But then why make them look unsightly meanwhile?

REVIEWS.

CARLYLE'S HISTORY OF FREDERICK II.

Third Notice.

MR. CARLYLE is a wise and instructive teacher, but only to pupils who bring an active and discriminating intelligence to the apprehension of his doctrine. His writings have diffused some erroneous opinions among his hastier admirers, while they have revived and strengthened numerous prejudices in the large class which is repelled by startling propositions expressed in an unfamiliar language. The mischief, however, which arises from misunderstanding is trivial and temporary, as it incessantly tends to cure itself, and the promulgation of one original thought or living image may be set off against a thousand instances of blundering credulity or ignorant contradiction. The babblers who have overrun the scent, and the laggards who are pottering behind, will sooner or later find it necessary to try backward and forward to the precise point where the old hound first gave tongue. Exaggeration and paradox have been effective instruments of persuasion from the first dawn of human rhetoric, and as long as passion appeals to feeling, no less than reason to intellect, the speaker or writer who desires to exercise a practical influence will involuntarily challenge attention for the truth which he has to proclaim by connecting it with surprising or even sophistical consequences. The fanatics who have deprived themselves of hand or eye, in conformity to a supposed injunction, throw no discredit on the Scriptural precept which their literal stupidity has perversely misunderstood. Mr. Carlyle is a born orator of the prophetic type, and he instinctively embodies sound principles in maxims and examples which are sometimes in the highest degree questionable. Nothing is easier in many cases than to prove that his corollaries are mistaken, while it is sufficient for his purpose that the controversy which he has provoked establishes the truth of his main proposition. His later writings are inconveniently loaded with denunciations of Parliamentary constitutions, of literary pursuits, and generally of all written and spoken utterances; but his disciples and critics will do well to withhold their adhesion or indignation until they are quite certain that they understand the ultimate purpose of his doctrine. To do the servile upholders of modern despotism justice, they have always regarded with suspicion an ally whose attacks upon freedom generally involve a dissatisfied or revolutionary element; and it may be worth while to inquire whether a writer of world-wide celebrity is really the inveterate enemy of every form of literature. It must be admitted that Mr. Carlyle does his utmost to persuade himself and others that silence, compared with speech, is in all cases as gold to silver. It probably never occurred to any other mind to suggest that David wasted his time in writing the Psalms. "Nobody in these days has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better, probably, that King Frederick had written no verses; nay, I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good." The illustration is sufficiently paradoxical, as it may be assumed that, if the Psalmist is condemned, no subsequent writer will meet with approval or toleration; and yet Mr. Carlyle twice interrupts his narrative to explain that certain points of European history are only important from their remote bearing on the composition of *Tristram Shandy*. The Vigo expedition and an eighteen months' siege of Gibraltar are, it seems, memorable for the presence of Lieutenant Sterne, whose character was afterwards idealized by the genius of his son in the immortal portrait of Uncle Toby. Neither Mr. Carlyle nor Epimenides really intended to cut the ground from under themselves by asserting that all Cretans, or all authors, were liars, or even triflers. The sentences which follow the criticism on David will perhaps explain the proposition of which the censure on the Psalms is a corollary. "Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes—they are thought very fine; but it is good on various accounts to keep them rather silent; strictly unvoiced, except on call of real business, so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves. Most things do not ripen at all except underground"—which is a rather singular assertion. "And it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you speak of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of the bystanders, there is the less chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life." With this explanation the denunciation of the sinful waste of talk is equally intelligible and just. Every genuine Englishman detests elaborate displays of feeling in public or in private, and concurs in the opinion that fine aspirations ought to be "strictly unvoiced, except on call of real business." If it suits Mr. Carlyle's humour to forget the use of the tongue and the pen in the government of men, the partial truth which he expresses in censure of ostentatious and self-conscious loquacity is not the less true because it is fragmentary and insufficient.

Discriminating minds may profit by Mr. Carlyle's tirades against representative Government, and yet preserve a profound disbelief in the virtue and expediency of despotism. The truth that in politics, as in morals, there is always a right and a wrong independent of popular suffrage, is perfectly compatible with the practical conclusion that the truth is best ascertained by public conflicts of opinion. The bulk of mankind must be guided by their rulers, and the question is only whether they ought to be led or driven. Frederick the Great sometimes declared that if the officers of an army knew their business, it was impossible for

the soldiers to be too stupid; and perhaps populations approximating to the same type of perfection might form the most desirable subjects of an absolute Government. But the civilized nations of the world have unfortunately feelings and wishes, or even in some instances opinions of their own, and it is absurd to drag a locomotive engine along by main force instead of touching the handle which sets the machinery in motion. Frederick William I. accomplished, by mere force of arbitrary will, results which he would probably have been unable to attain by the spontaneous co-operation of his rude and primitive subjects; but his cane and his gibbets would have been as unsuitable to England as a system of universal suffrage to a man of war. The fallacy of Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is indeed so transparent, that it is less necessary to expose it than to show how easily it may be eliminated from his deeper creed. Effective power is always deserving of respect, but the eloquence which yields at will a fierce democracy is a force as legitimate as that which emanates from "Macedon or Artaxerxes throne."

Frederick William's name has, in popular estimation, been rendered at once hateful and ridiculous in connexion with his extravagant demeanour to his famous son. Mr. Carlyle's account of the proceedings which culminated in the judicial murder of Katte is the most graphic, and consequently the most tragic, version of a story which can only be read with wondering indignation. "Never was such a transaction before or since in modern history," cries the angry reader; "cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones—like —," or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone?" It may be answered that the cruelty which was justly attributed to the King of Prussia is but metaphorically ascribed to destiny, or "the doings of the gods." After repeatedly striking the Crown-Prince in public, Frederick William, with stupid and perverse malignity, regarded his son's purpose of escape as a breach of the military law which condemns desertion. The accomplice of the plan was put to death in despite of the more lenient sentence of the court-martial, and it seems that Frederick himself was indebted for his life to the intercession of the Emperor. The only excuse for the King's conduct is to be found in the suggestion that from the discovery of the intended escape to the termination of the crisis he was half mad and wholly drunk—an irresponsible and semi-lunatic tyrant. A larger and truer apology is, however, contained in the detailed history of his reign. A vigorous, successful, and, on the whole, beneficent ruler, ought not to be judged with exclusive reference to the crimes and follies which occupied a single month of his life. Frederick William lived to esteem the son whom he had so deeply injured, and to command in turn his genuine respect. Mr. Carlyle's appreciation of his merit as the creator of the Prussian army and financial system is fully shared by the most competent German authorities. Niebuhr, Schlosser, and Ranke have all concurred in the opinion that Prussia owes no inconsiderable portion of her greatness to the wisdom and virtue of Frederick William I.

Mr. Carlyle's sympathetic condemnation of the King's fancy for gigantic soldiers is as just as it is characteristically humorous:—

That probably for any nation in the long run, and certainly for the Prussian nation straightway, life or death depends on the army—Frederick William's head, in an inarticulate manner, was full of this just notion; and all his life was spent in organizing it as a practical fact. . . . He watched over it like an Argus, with eyes which reached everywhere. Discipline shall be as exact as Euclid—short of perfection we do not stop. Discipline, and ever better discipline; enforcement of the rule in all points, improvement of the rule itself where possible, were the great Drill-sergeant's continual care. . . . We said it was the "poetic ideal" of Frederick William, who is a dumb poet in several particulars, and requires the privileges of genius from those who read his dumb poem. It must be owned he rises into the fantastic here and there, and has crotchets of ultra-perfection for his army, which are not rational at all—crotchets that grew ever madder the further he followed them. This life-guard regiment of foot, for instance, in which the Crown-Prince now is—Frederick William got it in his father's time, no doubt a regiment then of fair qualities, and he has kept drilling it, improving it, as poets polish stanzas, unweariedly ever since. . . . 2400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, largely perfect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical manœuvres, like some streak of Promethean lightning realized here at last in the vulgar dusk of things.

The King's *Tabagie*, or smoking club, which he nightly attended with his old generals and favourite companions, gives an opportunity for many of Mr. Carlyle's vehement denunciations of "Parliamentary eloquence:—"

The substitution of tobacco smoke for Parliamentary eloquence is by some held to be a great improvement. . . . Tobacco smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honour, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; at all events to hold his peace, and take to his pipe again, the instant he has spoken his meaning, if he chance to have any."

The precedent of the Tobacco-Parliament of Potsdam, with Mr. Carlyle for its Hansard, scarcely supports his preference of silence and privacy to public discussion. According to his version of the proceedings, the *Tabagie* gave the two black artists, as he calls them, Seckendorf and Grumkow, all the facility which could be desired for spying and lying, for domestic mischief, and treachery in relation to foreign transactions. A single Opposition speech reported in a newspaper might have opened the King's eyes to the deceptions which were practised with impunity in the

hole-and-corner Tobacco-Parliament. Perhaps, on the other hand, the villany of Grumkow is somewhat exaggerated by the indignant historian; nor is it easy to understand how Seckendorf, as Austrian Resident at Potsdam, could have been expected to waver in his devotion to Imperial interests or caprices. Frederick William himself was deeply impressed with a traditional feeling of loyalty to the head of the Roman Empire, and it was unfortunate that he was habitually opposed to George II., who, like himself, was deeply imbued with German patriotism, and with instinctive suspicion of the neighbours whom the Prussian King always designated as *Blitz-Franzosen*.

No living writer is more ready than Mr. Carlyle to provoke multifarious criticism and contradiction; but, after all the controversies which he challenges are exhausted, the distinctive merit of his work will be found to consist in a living presentation of events, and especially of characters. The portrait of Frederick William is as original, as dramatic, and as true as that of Johnson in *Boswell's Life*, or of Walter Shandy in *Sterne's* immortal fiction. There is no rhetorical antithesis to prove that qualities which existed in combination were nevertheless absurdly incompatible. The man, represented as he lived, is recognised as the same, whether he is polishing the giant stanzas of his military poem to fanciful perfection, or storming in irrational violence against his obnoxious son. The story of his last illness, in the midst of deep and genuine pathos, still recalls the rugged eccentricities which had characterized his life. His confession to the pious Berlin minister, in the presence of his smoking generals, is at the same time touching and amusing:—

"What is there to conceal? They are men of honour and my friends." "Well," said the King, in answer to the honest preacher's exhortations, "I will forgive all men—I do. You, Feelein (the Queen, Sophie, Sophiechen, Fiechen), write to your brother, unforgiveablest of human beings (George II.), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him." "Better his Majesty should write at once," suggests Roloff. "No, after I am dead," persists the son of Nature; "that will be safer."

Every reader of Mr. Carlyle's history will be satisfied that Frederick William himself was not the unforgiveablest of human beings.

PICO OF MIRANDOLA.*

AMONG the great names of the past which have gradually been obscured and passed out of sight, few have suffered more total eclipse than that of Pico of Mirandola. He was once among the foremost men, as a thinker and an influence, in one of the greatest ages of the world's history. Two Popes honoured and protected him; two Kings strove in vain to win him to their service; he was the intimate and flattered correspondent of Ficino, Politian, and Ermolao Barbaro. Lorenzo de' Medici, when on his deathbed, sent for Pico, that he might press his hand before he died; and Lorenzo's unquailing foe, Savonarola, suspended his stern denunciations of sin that he might weep with the faithful in St. Mark's over the early death of Pico himself in the next year. A short distich over the grave of so great a life told the world his name, and assumed that they knew the rest. The boast might appear well-founded. The young man's published works were mostly on abstruse or uninviting subjects; but the heavy folio went through seven editions in the course of a single century. Scaliger spoke of the author as a faultless monster. Late in the next century, an edition of the private correspondence was published; but the selection was ominous of coming neglect. Some fifty years later, Voltaire, writing to instruct the Marquise de Châtelet in the history of civilization, fixed on Pico as a representative man of his period, and wittily showed up his scholastic phraseology and belief in magic. Probably the knowledge of Pico's devotional tendencies suggested the comparison with Pascal and Arnauld, and sharpened Voltaire's sarcasm against all who wasted their time "dans ces graves démenées." Anyhow, the master had spoken; and later writers have done little more than copy Voltaire's criticism, and add a few facts from Brucker or Tiraboschi. Unquestionably there are very few who will ever care to study Pico for himself. He is not the founder of a school; and the human interest which he took in all that was going on around him gives his works a temporary character. He wrote them not for all time, but for the men of Florence and Rome of his own day. On the other hand, to those who care to examine, Pico's life has the charm of a romance. We get to understand the strong personal love which grew up in all who knew him, and which shielded his name from insult in the carnival time of literary scurrility; and, above all, we can discern the burning thoughts and prophetic instincts of a nature whose rigid dialectical discipline assisted, but never controlled, a poet's inspiration and an apostle's charity.

Giovanni Pico of Mirandola was born in 1463, and was the youngest son of a petty Prince of Concordia and Mirandola, by a daughter of the house of Boiardo, the poet. The young Pico did not shame his ancestry. His memory, while he was still young, was so retentive that he could repeat backwards a poem which he had once heard read aloud; and his powers of improvisation gave him early rank among the poets and orators of his native country. In spite of this predilection for liberal studies, he was sent, when only fourteen, apparently from the mistaken piety of his mother, to study canon law at Bologna, and

* *Joannis Pici Mirandolæ Concordiæque Principis Opera.* Basileæ.

actually obtained the rank of a prothonotary apostolic. But after two years, the burning thirst for knowledge drove him out into foreign lands, to study the mechanical dialectics of Lully at Paris, or to write fluent Latin under Baptista Mantuanus. Unhappily, in the course of these wanderings, Pico met with an impostor who sold him sixty manuscripts of Esdras. These were said to contain the hidden and sublimer sense of the Scriptures which had been delivered in constant tradition from Joshua downwards; and their constant presagings of Christianity, which, in reality, proved these documents to be forgeries, flattered Pico's fondness for unsuspected harmonies, and were welcomed as an undoubted proof of authenticity. Under oath that he would never communicate his knowledge, he obtained instruction in Chaldaic from a certain Mithridates. And now, after seven years of restless study, Pico turned his steps to Rome, and proclaimed a tournament of learning, such as the world has never again witnessed. An unrivalled master of dialectics, he had extracted four hundred theses from the Neo-Platonists, the Schoolmen, the writers on Magic, and the Talmudists; to these he added five hundred of his own creation, and proposed to defend them against all comers: and in true knightly style, he added that he would defray all the expenses of those who accepted his challenge. No one took up the glove. It was not that the propositions were confined to a narrow field or were beyond controversy—they stretched out over the whole domain of knowledge. Amid much rubbish and much sense which the scholastic terminology has disguised, a few may be quoted, which display the tendencies of their author. Among the psychological, we find that "the soul learns all knowledge in learning to know itself;" and that "we ascend to wisdom, beauty, and goodness, through intellect, love, and faith"—probably that faith which he elsewhere distinguishes from credulity, and defines as the immediate intuition of God by the soul. Physics seem to be his weakest side, although his admirers have claimed for him intimations of the vital principle, the decomposition of matter, steam, electricity, and magnetism. But chance expressions, such as that "nothing in nature can suffer death or corruption," or about the perpetual flux of the elements, must not hastily be strained into an anticipation of modern science. All that can be safely said is, that he knew something of the laws of motion, of atmospheric resistance, of light, and of colour. And his distinction that "mathematics teach nothing, but are the road to all knowledge," is at least happily expressed. Unfortunately, Pico's speculations had a special bent towards theology, and the hearty human kindness of his nature made it certain that he would deviate from the rigid orthodoxy of the schoolmen. There is a suspicious charity in the propositions that "a soul does not sink altogether when it begins to glide downwards," or that "Christ at the Last Judgment will judge not only in human nature, but according to human nature." But the subtle zeal of the theologians whom Pico's assumption of universal knowledge had irritated, found more dangerous doctrine even than this. Thirteen guilty theses were extracted. One of these had explained away the descent into hell; another had attacked the worship of the cross and images; a third said that belief was not optional; a fourth asserted the salvation of Origen; and a fifth surmised that a finite sin could not incur an infinite punishment. Even Pico's Cabbalistic lore was an unofficial count in the clamour against him. One of the doctors explained how Cabbala had been a false and devilish man, who wrote much against Christ, and who had founded a sect called Cabbalists. Fortunately, Pico had declared beforehand that he submitted all he wrote to the judgment of the Holy See. His apology was at once admitted, although Innocent VIII. judged the questions to be dangerous subjects of discussion, and forbade either them or their defence to be published. Some years later the attack was revived. It was said that Pico had fled to France, and broken his oath that he would no longer teach the controverted points. But he silenced the accusation by his instant return to Italy. Under the next Pope, Alexander VI., a commission reported favourably upon "the good and sound intention and sincere faith" of the author; and Pico's works appeared henceforward under the formal sanction of a Papal Bull.

It would have been unexampled if such a man, of princely birth and unrivalled reputation, and cast young upon the world, had been a stranger to the love of women. But, indeed, Pico's form was one of no common beauty—tall and graceful, with the bearing of a gentleman; with quick grey eyes, long yellow hair, and a quiet sweetness of expression; such a form and face as often meets us in the sketches of Raphael. His temper was never ruffled, and he was generous to profusion; even when asceticism had reduced the proportions of his meals, they were still served at table in the old lordly style. But now he was five-and-twenty, and a man of the world. Many noble women loved him—these were the times of Borgia—and he himself, says his pious chronicler, "averting somewhat from the way of life, turned aside to vanity." It is impossible to decide now whether Pico's loves were pure or guilty. Ample record of them existed once in five books of Latin epigrams and numerous Italian poems; but Pico recalled all the copies in circulation, and committed them to the flames. He himself declared that they were foolish and unworthy of his reputation; but Politian said that nothing could be more sweetly conceived or more neatly expressed, and evidently ascribed their destruction to religious zeal. It is at least possible that Savonarola

was the instigator of this sacrifice; his ascendancy over Pico began about this time; and the man who wished to see Florence one vast monastery, would naturally consider love-sonnets criminal. But, by a strange chance, one of these poems has been preserved:—

Since first the glorious eyes, that kindled love
In this once frozen heart, taught me to raise
For my eternal Lord the notes of praise,
Past one full year the happy seasons move.
Oh, blessed day! that bade my spirit prove
This dear disquiet, while a ceaseless fire
Quickens my being with such sweet desire,
That dimmer seems the crown of saints above.
Pleasure, the love of ease, the lazy day,
Had bound my senses in enchanted sleep;
Where still the vulgar lie, earth's baser part;
Love showed me where the golden distance lay—
And if my song to thee seem true and deep,
Lady, my wit is quickened by my heart.

These lines certainly point to one strong attachment. It is a page torn out of a life's history—we know not the beginning or end of the poet's love. Perhaps it passed away noiselessly; perhaps, if we knew more, it might explain his gradual withdrawal from the world. The religious character of the lines is very marked. Evidently the writer lives already in that spiritual world from which his metaphors are drawn. Three other poems by Pico have been printed. One is a hymn in Latin elegiacs—it had better have been burned, and another Italian sonnet spared to us. A Latin ode to his friend Benivieni, and an Italian paraphrase of it, complete the catalogue. Roscoe has praised the latter; but modern critics would be apt to think that the thoughts which were first expressed feebly in a foreign language do not gain by translation back into their own.

At the age of twenty-eight, Pico determined to withdraw from the world. By a family arrangement, he gave up his share of the estate, and retired to a small property at Corvulè, near Ferrara. Family reasons seem to have determined this choice of a residence; but he must have been constantly at Florence, and his friend Benivieni, who acted as his almoner, was of that city. Probably the appointment of his countryman, Savonarola, to the Priory of St. Mark's—which Pico, it is said, obtained for him from Lorenzo de' Medici—was a strong attraction to the walls of the capital of letters. But the student's mode of life never seems to have varied. Twelve hours of the day were spent in reading and writing; the Cabbala had been laid aside for the Bible; the old dialectics were disused—Pico had learned to regard them as learned trifling; and he only sought to finish the great works of his life, a Harmony of Aristotle and Plato, a Commentary on the Bible, and a Defence of the Faith. "When these have been completed," he said, "I will give what money I have to the poor, and armed with the crucifix, and barefooted, will wander over the world, through castles and cities, preaching Christ." The dream was never to be realized. Always keeping up a liberal hospitality, Pico had practised in secret the most rigid austerities; and an attack of fever, in 1484, found a frame unable to resist disease, and carried him off in the space of a few days. He died in his own good time. Lorenzo de' Medici, Ermolao Barbaro, and Politian had already been taken from him in the course of the previous year. Italy was beginning its death agony. The French banners had already passed the Alps; Pico might still hope with Savonarola that "the eternal stranger" was to regenerate Italy; but longer life would only have shown him the ruin of his hopes, and the flames which consumed his teacher and the Church of the past.

Assuredly the scholastic element is the smallest part of Pico, though it has seemed so great to his critics. His skill of fence might delight an academical audience; but the men of his time were drawn to him by the large charities of his nature, and the philosophical grandeur of his ideas. He had the instinct for detecting the hidden analogies of natural laws, and tried to comprehend theology and physics in one great system, which should represent the divine order. Of course he failed; but so great an effort was not the work of a mere logician. A similar impulse led him, later in life, to show that the differences of all creeds were simply factitious, overlaying a real unity; he could not bear the thought that the great old Pagans or his Jewish teachers had been separated from himself on the vital realities of faith. The belief in the ultimate unity of all systems of thought and faith may therefore be taken as the key-note of his philosophy. His method, naturally enough, was a sort of mystical conceptualism. "Why is it," he once said to Politian, "that we strive to fathom by argument the unsearchable mysteries which we ought to possess by love, and which, if we have not love, we discover to no purpose?" In his treatise, "On the Principles of Existence and Unity," he explains "the four steps through which we ascend to the cloud in which God dwells." It is evidently the love of a mystic for distinction and symmetry, and recalls St. Teresa's "seven tabernacles of the soul." Unfortunately, we find the cloud without the pillar of flame. It is not likely, therefore, that Pico will ever be studied except by a few. Like Novalis, who is of the same spiritual family, he stands halfway between the prophet and the artist—too finely gifted for the shock and clash of opinion, too human-hearted for a life of mere intellectual results.

ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.*

THE second title of *Eric* is *Little by Little*. A more intelligible one would be, "Don't Care was eaten up by a lion." It is the history of a schoolboy who falls into a variety of bad courses, and at last is falsely, though not quite undeservedly, suspected of stealing the funds of the school cricket club. Thereupon he runs away, goes to sea, is brutally ill-treated—runs away again from the ship to his own home—and dies in the style, or rather in one of the styles, appropriated to death-beds. Though not without several good points, the book does not seem to us to be a good one. Mr. Farrar "earnestly deprecates" severe criticism, admitting that the book is "not free from literary and artistic faults," but claiming for it "a higher merit than that of style—the merit of truthfulness." We cannot agree with the author's view of his work. In a literary and artistic point of view it is quite good enough. Mr. Farrar is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, we believe, one of the assistant-masters at Harrow, and it is therefore no wonder that he should write like a scholar and a gentleman; but something more than that, and something more than the truthfulness to which he lays claim, is necessary to enable him to write a good book upon the subject which he has chosen. *Eric* is exactly like *Tom Brown's School-days*, without the animal life and spirit and the vivid local colouring which gave *Tom Brown* its value. It is a novel written to exalt principles which are, we believe, widely adopted at public schools in the present day, and which owe much of their currency to the influence of the late Dr. Arnold. In former times, the escapades of schoolboys used to be looked upon and referred to principally as matter of joke. Barrings out, robbing orchards, clandestine suppers, and the like are part of the comic machinery of many novels; and it was seldom indeed that any one affected to take a serious view of them. The old tradition was that it was very proper that boys should do such things, and also very proper that they should be flogged for doing them when they were found out. To Dr. Arnold and those who derived their views from him, such notions were a sort of abomination of desolation. It was one of his most favourite maxims that boys were moral agents as well as men, that they were as capable as men both of crimes and of sins, and that to speak or think lightly of their offences was to sap the very foundations of morality.

Eric is written entirely upon this principle. It chronicles all the doings of the hero and his associates. It tells how he was a clever high-spirited lad, who was sometimes diligent, and more often idle—how he fell into various bad courses, and listened to improper conversation—how he had a pious young friend, whose life he saved at the imminent risk of his own, and who afterwards died, giving him all sorts of good advice. It further tells us at full length how for a time the death of Eric's friend stimulated him to increased exertion—how he fell back into all manner of scrapes, stealing pigeons, and coming drunk to prayers—how his younger brother fell into evil ways, then recovered himself, and then fell off a cliff and killed himself. Finally, we learn how a ruffianly fellow, who was in the secret of the pigeon robbery, extorted money from Eric by threatening to expose him—how Eric was sorely tempted to steal the money of the cricket club, and did actually steal it, putting it back, however, before making away with it—finally, how Billy (the villain of the book) stole the money, how suspicion fell upon Eric, how he ran away and died as has been already described. The story is told throughout with deep solemnity. Even the games and the boxing matches are looked upon in a light little less earnest than the suppers in bedrooms, and other frightful atrocities into which the hero is led. There are no doubt abundance of adventures and amusements out of school, but somehow or other the notion of duty appears to pervade everything. There is throughout a consciousness that the boy is undergoing a course of training which may be intellectual, or may be physical, but is always moral and religious. The boys are always getting worse or better, they seem never to enjoy themselves quietly for a moment. The consequence is that, though the book is full of games and adventures, its general tone is uniformly sad, and this sadness is heightened artificially. To say nothing of three more or less violent deaths, two of which involve angelic deathbeds, everything is served up with tear sauce. The boys quote hymns, and, to the infinite indignation of all English readers, occasionally kiss each other (principally, however, when they are *in articulo mortis*), exchanging, moreover, such endearments as "dear fellow," and the like. These things are certainly not pleasant characteristics, and the book is avowedly not meant to be pleasant. Its object, says the preface, is to depict facts and realities. The author recognises continually, as he says elsewhere, "the self-imposed duty" of giving a full account of school life as it really is, and he is not the least anxious to invest it with fictitious charms.

All this, apart from the sentimentality, is in one sense honourable to the author. It is quite true that to make a mock of sin is not wise, though the sinner may be a schoolboy, and the sin may be one which is conventionally laughed at. It is also quite true that it is highly important for schoolboys to be orderly, obedient, and diligent; and that duty, whether in boys or

in men, is a serious thing, and ought to be treated seriously. It is no less true that such doctrines require promulgation, and that schoolmasters ought to bear them constantly in mind, and impress them on their pupils. This, however, is only a part of the truth. It is quite as important that such doctrines should be preached in a right way, and with a cautious regard to certain very grave abuses to which they are very liable, as that they should be preached at all; and it seems to us that it would be far better to preserve a total silence upon the subject than to discuss it through the medium of such a novel as *Eric*.

Eric appears to be addressed to schoolboys, for it can hardly be supposed that parents would be much influenced in their opinions about schools by such a publication; yet we can scarcely imagine a less healthy book to put into a boy's hands. The danger of producing priggishness and conceit in a boy is exactly analogous to the danger of producing fanaticism in a man. The one must be instructed in morals, as the other must be exhorted about religion; but if the adviser in either case addresses himself to the sympathies and passions of his disciple he runs the greatest risk of utterly spoiling his own work. Mr. Farrar is an ardent advocate of the system of preceptors which was so much approved of by Dr. Arnold. He thinks that it improves the discipline of the school, and makes the head boys manly by investing them with authority. We will not discuss the subject, but we will observe that where such a system is established, nothing can possibly be more unwise than to insist, to the boys who occupy such positions, on their importance and responsibility. Such conduct is almost certain to turn them into Jacks-in-office before their time, and to invest them with a Pharisaical self-importance and self-complacency which may never wear out, and which is enough to poison really considerable talents. There are few positions more dangerous to simplicity of character than that of the head boy of a public school, first in arts and arms, and duly recognised by both masters and scholars as a sort of pattern boy, who is to be the ornament and the leader of the establishment in all its pursuits, intellectual or physical.

It is no doubt perfectly true that the conduct of a boy at school may exercise a deep influence over the whole future career of himself and his schoolfellows, but there is a large class of truths which ought to be kept in the background, and this we think is one of them. It should be sparingly alluded to, if at all, and certainly not in a novel. The reasons for this apparent paradox are by no means abstruse. To address to schoolboys such a novel as *Eric* is exactly like shouting to a person on the edge of a cliff to take care of himself. You only distract his attention and shake his nerves without doing him the slightest good. Boyhood has at least one advantage over maturity. Nothing can be plainer than the line of a boy's duties, and if he goes wrong he can certainly never plead ignorance. To be diligent, dutiful, honest, pure, and kind, are duties too plain to be mistaken. No novel in the world can possibly make them plainer; but novels can, and constantly do, confuse them by suggesting to their readers all sorts of distinctions and refinements about states of thought and feeling, about the infinite danger of this or that particular act, the infinite significance of this or that casual expression, and other matters of the same sort which darken counsel most effectually. Novels are like those elaborate directions which are so minute that it is impossible to find your way by them. You are to take the first turning to the right, and the fourth to the left, and then to keep straight on till you come to a place where four roads meet, and so forth, till you wish with all your heart that you were on an open common with a pocket compass.

Without metaphor, such a book as *Eric* appears to us eminently calculated to involve a nervous and conscientious lad in all sorts of useless and injurious speculations. Am I like Eric? Am I like Wildney? Am I like Owen? Am I like Montagu? Have I, by allowing an improper joke to pass without rebuke, ruined myself for time and eternity? Did "the scale of" my "destiny hang on a single word?" And if so, did it go the wrong way? and if not, why not, and how otherwise? These speculations are most unhealthy. A boy—or a man either—may know and may think a great deal too much about himself. It is quite true that a boy at school may do or may say things which he will bitterly, hopelessly, and uselessly repent all the days of his life. But that is no reason for boggling and hesitating. He is as likely to do right if he acts upon the simplest principle as if he had read a ton of novels about it; and he is rather more likely to feel the force of the principle if he is half unconscious of its existence than if he has all the morbid anatomy of the sins produced by its neglect at his fingers' end. Those who will not hear Moses and the prophets are not likely to be convinced by Miss Sewell, Miss Yonge, or Mr. Farrar. The more you look at it, the less you'll like it, it is as true of discharging a duty as of leaping a fence.

Apart from the objections which apply to every form of meddlesome morality, there is a special objection to novels. They hardly ever are consistent. The author always shrinks from letting the law take its course, and however bad the culprit may be, he generally comes right at last. *Eric*, for example, is meant to be an awful warning; and so he is, in some points of view, for he goes through all sorts of tribulation, but Mr. Farrar concludes by expressly stating as a fact his future salvation. If he goes to heaven after all, what becomes of the warning?

* *Eric; or, Little by Little*. A Tale of Roalyn School. By Frederick W. Farrar, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1858.

The sufferings which he undergoes are described as fiery trials which thoroughly purified him. His master preaches a sermon in which he says that he does not mourn for his death. Yet Mr. Farrar ends by saying, "The story of Eric's ruin has been told, as he would have wished it done, with simple truth." Surely this turns the moral inside out in a very singular manner, unless, indeed, worldly success and prosperity are to be taken as the principal good things of life—a doctrine which no one will accuse the author of intending to preach. The other characters, however naughty they may have been, are let off equally easily. Two go into the army, "and there are not two manlier or finer officers in the service;" a third is "the favourite of the mess-room;" and a fourth is "making a great start at the bar." Where there are six naughty boys, of whom two succeed in the next world and four in this, it would seem that to be a naughty boy is not such a very dreadful thing after all. The greatest blackguard in the school gets off with being a policeman in London, "on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief."

We may observe, in conclusion, that people who write novels addressed to boys ought to be very certain what advice they ought to give before they set about giving it. It would be very wrong and foolish to advise a boy to break rules and get into scrapes. Certainly he ought to be an Admirable Crichton, making lessons and play work into each other without rubs or irregularities. He ought never to say or do anything of which the master disapproves. He ought to uphold right views, principles, and practices in the school, and generally to keep his moral and religious linen clean. It is impossible to give any other advice, yet the probability is, that if a boy took it, he would be a natural fool for the rest of his life, with the further disadvantage of being clever and plausible; and it is pretty certain that nothing better could happen to him than to be kicked once a week from Tyburn to Newgate till he had lost some small portion of the hypocrisy and self-conceit which he would be sure to have imbibed. In schools, as in all other human societies, good and evil are so much mixed up and confused together, that it is far better to stick to the inculcation of general rules by the ordinary method than to attempt the impossible problem of drawing models in novels to which boys may conform themselves.

COOPER'S CRISIS IN THE PUNJAB.*

THE literature which is springing up to record the events of the Indian revolt, being written almost exclusively by persons who were on the spot and took part in what was going on, has all the merits and all the weaknesses which necessarily attach to writing that has sprung from such a source. The authors are on their own ground, and speak with confidence and familiarity of places and people strange to English readers. The details have the graphic picturesqueness gained from personal observation, and the intense interest awakened by the events themselves is reflected in the narratives penned to record them. But there are faults which counterbalance, if they do not overweigh, these excellences. The writers, from their very familiarity with the details of which they are speaking, fail to give any clear general impression, or to convey any distinct result to the reader. They are often, too, under the influence of some personal disaster or success, which they interpret into a key of general policy, or a guide in judging of actions and events on a large scale. Personal vanity, personal friendship, and personal animosity, also tend to colour the narrative, and we are apt to have exaggerated laudation of some men, and the most unfair depreciation of others. Under similar circumstances, this would be sure to be the case everywhere; but India is notorious as the hotbed of calumnious writing. We must therefore reserve our final judgment, and ask for other authorities and a dispassionate collation of evidence, before we can confide implicitly in the veracity of an Anglo-Indian who says that any of his countrymen have behaved very badly.

All this is abundantly illustrated in Mr. Cooper's book. Mr. Cooper is a civilian and deputy-commissioner of Umritsir, a place situated between the Ravee and the Sutlej rivers. He had an opportunity of making himself conspicuous, and of doing good service; and he seized this opportunity promptly and effectively. The 26th Native Infantry had been disarmed at Meean Meer, near Lahore, on the 13th of May. On the 30th of July they determined to escape from their unpleasant position, and after cruelly murdering their commanding officer, Major Spencer, made northwards, and came on the left bank of the Ravee, about twenty-six miles from Umritsir. Mr. Cooper, as deputy-commissioner, got together a force to pursue them, and found that, having already received a severe check from a body of police, the main body of the mutineers had taken up a position in an island about a mile from the shore. Boats were sent to capture them, and the rebels—deceived, as Mr. Cooper thinks, into a hope of pardon by directions having been given not to fire on them—quietly surrendered, and were brought off in batches to the shore. The number of prisoners was 282, and they were ordered by Mr. Cooper to be all shot the next morning. The sentence was executed on all but forty-five, who it was found had been

stified to death in the night by being thrown into a Black Hole. Mr. Cooper's zeal and firmness were highly approved of by those to whom he was responsible, and he may naturally feel proud of an achievement which, if attended with no actual risk, was well calculated to make a great impression on the natives, and certainly showed the possession of that promptitude and self-reliance which have done England such good service in the late terrible crisis. But he has carried to such a point the feelings which might most justifiably have accompanied this particular act, that he offers to interpret by their aid the whole policy of the Punjab Government; and he speaks of the natives, at this distance of time and in the deliberateness of a printed book, as he might have spoken not unpardonably in the heat of a performance which would have fallen within the natural course of a soldier's duty, but was a strange and exciting novelty to a civilian.

We will take the latter point first; for this bloodthirstiness is so revolting when it comes before us in such a shape, that, if Christianity and humanity have any meaning for Englishmen at home, they should protest most strongly against Anglo-Indians deliberately venting in books the horrible exultations of their savage cruelty. There is every distinction to be made between conversation at the time and books printed long afterwards. We do not think that any man who kept a guard over his tongue would, even in the midst of slaughter and agitated with the recent emotions of an unexpected panic, have given utterance to some of the expressions which Mr. Cooper employs. But taking the average of men, and looking only to what could fairly be expected, criticism on such expressions used at such a time would have been perhaps foolish. Now, however, many months have passed away since those poor sepoys suffered the penalty of their crime. British Government is re-established, and we ought to speak temperately of all that has happened. What are we to think of an educated Englishman, an officer of the Indian Civil Service, a writer who ends his preface with a thanksgiving to the Almighty, when we find him giving plans of the arrangement of the forces by which sentenced mutineers were brought to their dreadful doom, and when, after referring to a lithographic illustration of the mode in which forty of the 55th mutineers were shot away, he puts in print the following dreadful words:—"The pacific English mind will observe the position of the gallows, and will comprehend the feelings of the forty doomed men, the last batch of whom had to be dragged up almost senseless to their merited fate. The impossibility of a rescue would, according to this snug disposition, appear to the most interested spectators." Surely Mr. Cooper must think that it is not Christianity on behalf of which God has, as he tells us, "made a most manifest and wondrous interposition," but the worship of Mars, or Odin, or the Scythian cineter. A soldier, we may be certain, would not have written like this. With him, shooting rebels is a duty to be done firmly, but not to be spoken of unnecessarily; but when a civilian plays at soldiering, how, unless he talks gunpowder, is the world to know that his real vocation was military?

Nor do we gather from Mr. Cooper's book any very new aids to understanding what was the policy of Sir John Lawrence and his subordinates, or how it was that the Punjab was saved. We know that the success was partly owing to the character and personal qualities of those in command, and that it was partly owing to the inhabitants of the Punjab having little in common with the mutineers, either in interest or in religious feeling. But this is not new to us; and although we gather a few illustrative facts from Mr. Cooper's volume, we do not feel that he has made the matter much clearer, or our apprehension of its bearings much fuller or more lively. Mr. Cooper, however, does intimate that there was a general policy peculiar to the Government of the Punjab, steadily and consistently pursued—that of at once disarming every regiment that could possibly be suspected. It is natural for a man whose turn of mind leads him towards decisive measures, and who has made a name by having acted swiftly and decisively on one occasion himself, should be inclined to believe that there was a general policy of disarming; but the facts stated in his volume seem to us to show conclusively that there was not. There appear to have been no general instructions issued. All we can say is, that the authorities were disposed to look favourably on and encourage disarming; but they certainly did not give directions to commanding officers, informing those officers what was their clear duty. The greatest latitude was given, and in the Punjab, as elsewhere, different regiments were treated in different ways, according as the views of the commanding officers varied.

Perhaps if this theory of the general policy of the Government had only been put forward by Mr. Cooper in a general way, it would not be worth while to say much about it; but his belief in it, together with his satisfaction in his own successful activity, combine to make him give an entirely wrong account of an important incident in his narrative, and do great injustice to the conduct of the officer in command. The chapter in which Mr. Cooper records the history of the mutiny at Jullundur, and of the pursuit of the mutineers, is full of mistakes, and those of a kind calculated to give great pain to individuals. At the end of this chapter, he coolly adds a note, to say that since writing it he has heard that the Commander-in-Chief, having examined into the affair, had pronounced all the accusations brought against the commanding officer to be entirely unfounded. What a singular notion of the duties of a writer it betrays, that a man should suffer to remain in print, and should issue

* *The Crisis in the Punjab, from the 10th of May until the Fall of Delhi.* By Frederic Cooper, Deputy-Commissioner of Umritsir. London: Smith and Elder. 1858.

to the world, a number of accusations against an officer high in the Queen's service, when he knows that these accusations have been declared by the best of judges to be simply false! This indifference to truth or falsehood, when an individual is to be attacked, is another Anglo-Indian habit, which we hope the sense and honour of the English public will firmly discountenance.

Mr. Cooper has told the wrong story. We will, in justice to the officer calumniated, tell what Lord Clyde's judgment has pronounced to be the true one. The 36th Native Infantry, the 61st Native Infantry, and the 6th Light Cavalry, were stationed at Jullundur, where also was the 8th Queen's Regiment, and all were under the command of Brigadier-General Johnstone. On the night of the 7th of June, the native troops mutinied, and after a very short struggle with their European officers, left Jullundur and made for the Sutlej. General Johnstone next day pursued them, but the rebels crossed the river and ultimately got away in safety to Delhi. The point which Mr. Cooper seeks to establish is that the successful escape of the mutineers was entirely attributable to General Johnstone's neglect. Into his numerous inaccuracies we cannot follow him, but the main assertions which deserve notice are these. First, he says that General Johnstone had disregarded the urgent advice of the Government to disarm these regiments. Secondly, he states that they might have been broken up at once, but that General Johnstone refused, though asked repeatedly, to let his troops fire on them. And thirdly, he asserts that the mutineers might have been easily cut off at the river, "which it took them thirty hours to cross," but that General Johnstone would not go forward quickly in the heat. Now, the real facts are, that no urgent advice at all had been given to General Johnstone. It had been suggested to him to disarm a portion of the troops, but he thought this a dangerous half-measure. The Commissioner of the district was entirely in favour of a temporising policy; and if the Government had wished the troops to be disarmed, it was for the Major-General of the district to give a distinct order to that effect. Secondly, the order to fire was given by General Johnstone himself, and was acted on. In the first instance, the officer in command of the artillery, distrusting his men who were natives, directed them to draw their charges. General Johnstone counter-ordered this, because he wished to make them commit themselves on the right side, and by his orders they fired at a body of cavalry which, by a personal reconnoitre, he had ascertained to belong to the rebels. Thirdly, the actual European force in pursuit of the rebels were only 170, while the rebels were over 2000 men, and the Europeans had been worn out by their previous night-work. The rebels took three, not thirty, hours to cross the Sutlej. These perversions of truth only show how dangerous it is to trust an Anglo-Indian when he wishes to abuse. Fortunately this affair has been made the subject of an official investigation, and Lord Clyde has done justice to General Johnstone. Otherwise a piece of loose and hasty book-making might have been left to spread a calumny through the unknowing British public, and have inflicted a deep, though most undeserved wound on the honourable feelings of a veteran soldier.

HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.*

IT has rarely happened that a work prematurely broken off by the decease of one great scholar has been taken up and completed with equal efficiency by another. Such, however, is the case with the *History of Greek Literature* recently published. Wisely and fortunately, the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge employed, twenty-three years ago, at the instigation of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Karl Otfried Müller to write for its serials a popular account of the Literature of Ancient Greece, from its first risings in the songs of herdsmen, or temple-hymns, to its failing breath in the last hours of the Eastern Empire. As fortunately and wisely, the present proprietors of Müller's unfinished work have engaged Dr. Donaldson to carry it on from the point at which the pen dropped from his predecessor's hand. In Germany, no one did more than K. O. Müller, in his time, towards expounding and illustrating the archaeology and early history of the Greek races. In England, no living scholar has rendered more important services than Dr. Donaldson to Classical literature or comparative philology. The latter end of this commonwealth is in no degree oblivious of its beginning; and perhaps to English readers, the concluding moiety of the work will, in some respects, be the more agreeable and satisfactory.

By the joint labours of these eminent scholars we have now, therefore, a complete map of an intellectual period of more than 1800 years—a period longer than any presented by the literature of Western Europe, and one also that, in spite of its protraction, contains few intervals of real decadence. The Greeks, indeed, had, like the Italians, their Marini—like the Spaniards, their Gongora—like the Germans, their Gottscheds and Bodmers—like ourselves, their Hayleys and Darwins—and like the Romans, their Senecæ in the drama, and their Calpurnius in idyllic verse. But the feebleness was rather that of individual writers than of

particular eras. The diction, if not the spirit, of Demosthenes survives in the writings of Libanius and Dion Chrysostom. Plutarch and Lucian struck out for themselves original paths; and even in the valley of the shadow of national decay and oppressive government, we meet with flowers not unworthy of the morning or meridian hours of Ionia and Athens.

A second distinguishing feature of Greek literature is its full and regular development. It has left untouched scarcely any department of eloquence, and has adorned every one that it touched. This distinction will appear the more striking from a contrast of the nobler productions of modern literature with those of ancient Hellas. Europe has no such epics common to its various races as the *Iliad*. *Jerusalem Delivered* and *Paradise Lost* approach nearest to the tale of Troy in the central and comprehensive interest of their themes; but though Milton transcends, in sweetness of measure and sublimity of conception, "the bard of Chios' rocky isle," his poem is quite as much a religious drama as an epic; while Tasso delineated war, not as one who had seen it "in procinct," but as one who had heard of battles in academic bowers. Again, the interest of the *Cid*, of the *Morte d'Arthur*, of *Faust*, and the *Nibelungen-lied*, is purely national, and as inferior in catholic interest to Homer as the voyage of Madoc is to the voyage of Ulysses. From the Homeric epics were regularly evolved the lyric and dramatic poetry of Greece. The swan-notes of the heroic age are caught up by the soaring lark-song of the civil and political era. But he should have been a shrewd or hardy prophet who had seen the germs of Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe lying hid in Gessner and Opitz, or from the erotic poetry of Surrey and Wyatt had divined the speedy advent of Marlowe, Shakspeare, and Massinger. As little could it have been predicted in the 16th century that the "glorious summer" of the Spanish drama would so soon sink into perpetual night, that the classical dynasty of Racine would be succeeded by the romantic school of Victor Hugo, or that the rhetoric of the French pulpit should first dwindle into the smooth commonplaces of Saurin, and then revive in the irregular eloquence of Lacordaire and La Mennais. But Greek literature knows no such strong transitions. It expanded itself with almost the regularity of a flower—it had its budding, its blooming, and its seed-time, even its former and its latter summer. Originality in thought or the forms of thought was succeeded by the development of the critical faculty, or the pursuit of curious and recondite learning. Pure literature was followed by inceptive science. Plato and Aristotle received the torch from the hands of Homer and Sophocles. Even well-endowed universities, rarely successful beyond the limits of Hellas as the seed-plots of poets, were fruitful in poetic eloquence, and the Museum of the Ptolemies—to say nothing of "the small colleges" at Berytus, Marseilles, or Pergamus—arrayed beside its scholars Aristarchus and Aristophanes, no less names than those of the Syracusan Theocritus and the Rhodian Apollonius. By an easy metempsychosis, the legends of poetry passed into the legends of prose—the incunabula of history; and prose, filtered by the Sophists from extraneous matter, was handed over to historians and orators, or employed in the service of dialectics and ethical philosophy. To the nobler forms of dramatic art succeeded the comedy of life and manners—to the passionate effusions of Sappho and Alceus, in due time, the descriptive verse of the bucolic writers. Still later, history bore an after-drop of biography. The comedy of Menander was taken up by Lucian in the form of satire, by the romance writers in that of stories of ordinary or extraordinary life. The eloquence of the bar, after the extinction of political freedom, threw out an almost infinite number of offshoots; and ten centuries after the earliest of the Homerids recited the lay of Achilles, a miscellaneous literature instructed or amused the Hellenic world, and reflected with no feeble rays the light which had streamed from the bema of Pericles or the stage of Æschylus.

Dealing with so lengthened a period, and with the example before them of sundry histories of the kind saleable at Leipzig fair, it would have been easy for Doctors Müller and Donaldson, by sowing with the sack and not with the hand, to make their joint narrative tedious, and therefore unprofitable to the persons for whom it was specially designed. For extinguishing all human interest in matters, there is nothing like the exhaustive process of a sound German scholar. But three octavo volumes, containing the records of eighteen centuries of literature, cannot be taxed with prolixity. Still, a writer may be brief and yet tedious. From this evil, also, the work before us is exempt. K. O. Müller had a knack, so rarely granted to Germans, of packing his learning into neat and handy compass, as well as of writing at times with terse vigour; and Dr. Donaldson's style is always remarkable for its perspicuity and force, and often for its grace and pleasant wit. Throughout his portion of the work he judiciously keeps in mind that his theme was Grecian literature as a whole, and not the specialities of its authors—that a map, and not a landscape was required of him. On some of the great leaders of the Greek mind—Plato and his master Socrates, Demosthenes and Aristotle, Isocrates and Plotinus—he has expatiated as only ripe and accurate scholars can; but of the rank and file he says as much as conveys needful information, and as may stimulate a just curiosity to become better acquainted with their writings.

There is no more convenient division of Greek literature than that which may be termed the natural one, adopted by Dr. Donald-

* *A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*. By K. O. Müller. Continued after the Author's death by J. W. Donaldson, D.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

son and his colleague, of the pre-Athenian, Athenian, and post-Alexandrian epochs. In the first of these, Greece had not yet been knit into a strict federal bond; the tributaries were often as important as the main stream itself. Boeotia, afterwards dumb in literature, boasted its Hesiod, Corinna, and Pindar; and the Lesser Asia divided with Europe the laureate crown. In the second, the predominance of Athens in power ensued in an equal predominance in intellect. At the moment there may have been a rival voice in some Dorian States; but for us this has nearly become extinct, and for European civilization the poets, orators, and philosophers of Athens are the be-all and end-all of Hellenic literature. In the third, the bounds of Atticised Greece again expanded, and its fertilizing streams once more ran freely in Asia, and formed an august and capacious reservoir on the northern frontier of Africa. Athenian writers, indeed, continued to be the models of composition, but Athens was no longer an intellectual corporation single and sole. Not altogether yielding the prize, she divided the crown with Alexandria, where, if original powers did not manifest themselves often, learning was encouraged by royal praise, and nourished with royal pudding. The Ptolemies had many faults, as their nicknames, expressive of cruelty, folly, and gluttony, attest; but they had one general and supreme merit—they knew that scholars hungered and thirsted, and owed tailors' and shoemakers' bills, like ordinary men. This was a secret hidden from the rulers of Athens, though that city was "native or hospitable to famous wits." Occasionally, indeed, a supper in the Prytaneum was voted to a popular speaker, or a poet quite out at elbows might get a few minas for a timely puff on the "eye of Greece." But what was a single meal or a few pounds to a man once in his life? The great wits of Athens did not, as a general rule, coin their brains for ducats. Sophocles drew his pay as a general, but we believe that he never took a benefit-night at the theatre, or received a check from a manager for the third profits of *Antigone* or *Edipus*. Socrates took pupils, not "on the undermentioned terms," but on no terms at all, though he was not above asking his boys for a new coat, whenever Xantippe declared that she would never again darn his old one. The orators were not so clean-handed. They wrote speeches for plaintiff or defendant to deliver before a jury, and were paid for them according to the quality of the work or the enormity of the crime alleged. They drew, also, unless they are much belied, on the bank of Fella, but never, except in the way of official perquisites or secret service money, on the theatre or other public fund at home. The Sophists, indeed, bled their hearers freely, nor were the lecturing philosophers above putting money in their purses. But until the Ptolemies founded the university at Alexandria, the State never did the thing handsomely. Then, for the first time in the annals of the world, learned men were lodged, boarded, and washed for at the public cost, and if only commonly prudent, enabled to sing "Begone, dull care." Yet it is easier to feed scholars than to find poets and orators; and learning rather than genius was accordingly the characteristic of the post-Alexandrian period. A man certain of his dinner every day seldom turns misanthropist, and pours forth "*Agentia verba Lycamben*,"—satires that leave their object no alternative except to buy the lampooner or a rope. A comfortably-lodged college don, especially if not crossed in love, will not wander with pipe and tabor from town to town, singing the "Return of Heroes," or the charms of Phyllis and Cleobule. The sofas of the Ptolemæan Museum disinclined their occupants from hazarding the hisses and catcalls of the agora or the theatre. Indeed, at Alexandria there was as little freedom for political eloquence as there is now in Paris; and the Macedonian playgoers preferred spectacles and operas, Æthiopian minstrels, wizards of the south, and horse-races, to the regular drama. Much therefore did the Alexandrian literati perform in the ways of criticism, compilation, and imitation. With so well-appointed a library at hand, it was pleasanter to steal and tack together other people's verses than to make their own; and if any promising young poet appeared in Sicily or Cyrene, it was easy to lure him from a garret at home into furnished apartments at a most fashionable watering-place. Yet the fellows of the Museum did not eat the bread of idleness. They produced their Bentleys and Porsons in Aristarchus and Aristophanes, and in Zoilus the parent Adam of Scioippus, and John Dennis. They conferred on learning and literature alike inestimable services. To them we owe the first grammars and dictionaries of the Greek language—the separation of genuine from spurious works of epic, lyric, and dramatic poets—corrected and ascertained texts—glossaries that help us to understand the technology of forensic eloquence—encyclopedias that illustrate the manners and customs of Greek antiquity—and the rudiments, at least, of those physical and mathematical sciences in which Europe now transcends Athens and Ionia as much as Thales or Anaxagoras in his day transcended a Scythian groom, or a Corinthian pilot.

K. O. Müller wrote the history of the first, and of a considerable portion of the second of these periods, bringing down his narrative to the age of Lysias and Isocrates—a moment when Greek prose had nearly attained its highest excellence, yet was awaiting its final touches from the master hands of Plato and Demosthenes. Dr. Donaldson, his *γῆραιος σύγγατος*, takes up the thread from the foundation of the Socratic schools, and carries it on to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Of the merits of a work that has been twenty years before the public it seems almost superfluous to speak; yet to such of our readers as

may not be acquainted with it, we will point to the sketches of the Homeric poetry, of the rise and maturity of the Greek Drama, and of the progress of history from Hecateus to Herodotus, and from Herodotus to Thucydides, as instances of exact learning combined with fine appreciation, and conveyed in concise and agreeable language. This portion of the volumes before us was translated by Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Dr. Donaldson. Of the second portion of the history (Dr. Donaldson's share), comprising a period of about 1500 years, it must suffice to say that we are acquainted with no other work, either in German or English, which, in so concise a compass, affords the beginner so much sound instruction, or revives for the mature scholar so many profitable and pleasant reminiscences of his pursuits. Beyond the walls of universities, and after the prime of manhood, we imagine that the number of the readers of Greek literature becomes fewer with every year. On the one hand, modern literature puts in its adverse claims, nor can we deny that the voice of the time has a prior claim to be heard by the men of the time. On the other, few persons, not engaged professionally in tuition, can afford to Greek the leisure which it demands, without injury to the studies by which they are to provide for the morrow or to purchase independence or distinction in life. Yet the hour will be a dark one for literature generally, when the literature of the Greeks shall be a closed volume. "The history of the vicissitudes which the writings of the ancients have experienced," says Mr. Roscoe, "is little less than that of literature itself, which has flourished or declined in proportion as they have been esteemed or neglected." We believe this observation to be as true now as when it was first penned. We do not find, in either French or German writers, an entire compensation for the neglect of Greek authors; and we therefore gladly welcome such guides through the pleasant land as Doctors Müller and Donaldson have proved themselves in their full yet concise, their learned yet entertaining, sketches of so many centuries of intellectual fertility.

TWO HEARTS.*

HAD we not long been aware of the melancholy fact, it would require no further evidence than the volume before us to prove that any trash in the shape of a novel may find an editor, a publisher, and a sufficient number of readers to justify its publication. Does the produce correspond with the demand? If it does, we are sorry for it, as the solitary merit which we can conscientiously assign to *Two Hearts* is its modest size. There is but one volume, of large print and larger margin. Such books are a burlesque on real sentiment, full of conventionality, with imaginary, though not imaginative, personages, whose conversation is as much like the ordinary talk of mortals as the strut and rant of the stage resemble the usual demeanour of those they intend to personate. The absurd use and abuse of large-sounding words and inflated language reaches its height, or depth, in this story; and it is only by an abridgment of its contents and by a few quotations, that we can hope to give an adequate idea of its nonsense. There is something unintentionally comical in the notion that a young gentleman who dashes up to Lady Massingberd's mansion in Belgravia, in a "hired Hansom," should survey the "heterogeneous assembly" there collected in the following manner:—

What a glance it was he cast around, so keen, eager, and observant—one which scarce any perhaps in that assembly did not feel—some few no doubt resentfully, as it flashed, falchion-like, past them, fixing nowhere till it came to one calm spot, when, as a bird above its long-sought nest, it paused, hovered, then fell restfully, the eye losing its almost repellent fierceness, the smile its trenchant brightness, in a look of softened intensity.

Yes, Armine looked! How hurriedly they look, to whom the existence of a life-time comes in an hour; moments like death, as dreamless and unconscious, whilst the emotions of ages past, the pain and sweetness of centuries to come, settle down on the core of the soul for ever.

To them, the few, there is no more common day or monotonous to-morrow, the meaning of the quiet household rooms is passed out and gone, and all familiar things are insignificant, compared to that awful world they carry within their own hearts. Henceforth the passion and the sickness, the changes and transitions of this strange rudimentary existence, are as nothing, or like a child's forgotten tale.

Armine looks, and looks to some purpose, it would seem, for he exclaims to the lady of the house—"Tell me, in the name of all that is heavenly, who is that pale Corinne?" "Who—what—ah," following the direction of his glance—"you mean Miss Eden." "Eden—how significant!" Dressed almost entirely in white, a few pearls gleaming in her rich coronet of hair, with starlike eyes and a smile like moonlight, she sat passively absorbed in the music. What strikes her in Armine is "two deep-set eyes, flickering like lights in a sepulchre, speaking of daily toil and nightly vigils in the cause of truth and science. His eyes fell like night-cloaking violets upon her, the rebellious smile melting into *L'Angelico sorriso*." To the author, Armine would appear a kind of spurious Faust, with "microscopic vision," that could detect an eyelash quiver on his mistress's eyelid—given to "inner visions" and transcendental views—in short, a being not as other men. In plain language, the hero is a medical student of doubtful antecedents, who was expelled from Oxford—then entered the London University, whose field of learning was too restricted for his

* *Two Hearts*. A Tale. Edited by Mrs. Grey. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1858.

universal genius—and therefore travelled on the Continent, at each learned city "attaching himself to a professor of each branch of the profession." He was now about to enter his "progressive career"—

A career which it was his sanguine hope should, by its successful distinction, not only enlist followers under his name, but lead to the advancement and amelioration of the physical condition of the world, prove a type even of that more perfected and heavenly existence, when the inhabitants of a city shall no more say, "I am sick," and when there shall be no more pain.

But, as it may be supposed, this transcendentalism no more met with sympathy or encouragement in the world of sense and science than it was understood by his own parents, or particular friends. But neither did the contempt or pity of the wise, or the wonder of the ignorant, abate the energy or quell the courage of this new Paracelsus. His views, he was well aware, were beyond his age, but so was his ambition. They were bounded not by time or space—they extended through eternity; he had, besides, his special consolation; he knew that he was not single in this world, nor would he be so in the next.

Lady Massingberd, with whose *soirée* the story commences, is a rich banker's wife, whose acquaintance Armine had made in Italy. After saying that she was fascinated by him, the author complacently observes that she, as may be supposed, had only her day:—"But for a brief space could those dark orbs of hers draw his soul aside from its destined course. They were not the eyes which had shone upon his inner vision from the first." The lady herself pleasantly reflects that after making him love her, he "would soon, Festus-like, rush on his meteoric way, and leave her, another fragment of his broken world, in darkness." We are also introduced to a young girl, daughter of the physician under whose roof he has lived for three years, and whose "mental capabilities" it has been his study to develop. He gains her love; "but the apex of her mind was imitation—it would never soar to the higher stage of thought or feeling—would never dive into the fathomless resources of intuition." Therefore, after her successful *début* on the stage, he throws her off. "But once having safely let down her little bark on that dangerous sea, his conscience was appeased; and Armine, pushing it from his track, launched forth his own proud vessel for a newer venture." The author throws a little contemptuous pity to the young actress; but the hero could not act differently, as she did not realize his ideal, nor was she his twin-soul. "There was a human soul answering to his somewhere—a life—a love to his—a being into whose soul, as into a pure crystal vase, his ideality, nay, his whole powers of mind, might be poured—an inexhaustible recipient." This being he discovers in Aimée Eden. She is the daughter of Colonel Eden, a paralysed martinet, who dies soon after the *soirée* at which Armine first saw her. Her health has been impaired by constant attendance on her father; so the family doctor prescribes sea air, and proposes her finding a temporary home with friends of his own, a Mr. and Mrs. de Walden. They live on the coast—are "a tall, thin, eerie-looking pair"—good sort of people, with whom Aimée leads a retired life, amusing herself with solitary rambles on the cliffs. The antiquated "grey dove-like pair" have an only child, a son, who, as a matter of course, is no other than our friend the medical student. He comes on a visit to his parents, whom he has hitherto treated rather superciliously, and finds his Corinne their guest. "One quick upward glance, a glance of mutual recognition, and the melting fire, the light of sweet surprise, met again together as in Lady Massingberd's drawing-room."

It would be worse than useless to follow the author in rhapsodies which rise to an unparalleled climax of absurdity. Aimée exerts a purifying influence on her lover, whose sapphire eyes, and brow resplendent with ideality and thought, make as deep an impression on her as they were bound to do on any well-regulated female heart. One evening, after a rather more tender episode than usual, Armine abruptly takes leave, being called by urgent business to London. Aimée enters the drawing-room, and in the pervading twilight her hands were clasped by her cousin, Colonel Dartmouth, who informs her that her brother-in-law's and his own regiments were under immediate orders for the East. She knows her cousin likes her, but not that she was bequeathed to him by her father. He is authorized by her sister to take her back to London, to which she objects. Her sister had determined to follow her husband, and he reminds her of the chances of war; but "her heart smote her for selfish and unnatural absorption," and she eagerly consents to accompany him. Colonel Dartmouth is ignorant of Armine's existence, and suspects no cause for reluctance; so next day he carries her off, "her heart literally fainting within her." Armine goes to the Theatre to see *Marguerite's* last performance for the season, when in an opposite box he recognises Aimée, her sister, and Colonel Dartmouth, who excites his jealousy. She does not see him. The next day Armine sees a battalion of the Guards marching to the railway station, on their way to the Crimea. He mixes in the crowd, and sees that the officer in command is Colonel Dartmouth. As Armine was hurrying from the station, a cab dashes up to the entrance gates, which are shut, and comes in violent collision with another vehicle. In the cab he recognises Aimée, wrenches the door open, reassures her as she is fainting with fear, and desires to be driven to the nearest hotel. At length she revives, and is conscious of her lover's tender words, and gasps out that he must leave her, as she was married that morning to Colonel Dartmouth. He naturally thinks her mind is still wandering; but she persists that she is sane, and tells a rambling story of how her sisters had informed her that for years her father had considered the marriage a settled thing, and had made his will accordingly.

Her cousin only waited her returning health and spirits to claim her consent. Then the sudden order for the East came, and Colonel Dartmouth was distracted to leave her "without having secured by marriage those worldly advantages" of which she would otherwise be deprived, as he was her father's principal and unconditional heir. After a spiritless resistance, she consents to the ceremony being performed on the following morning. Aimée declares it was not her father's fancied frown from heaven, &c. &c., which laid her spirit low—it was that their love was far removed from earthly affections; and she reminds her lover "how little he ever touched but vaguely on its earthly consummation, in comparison to an eternal future." After a paroxysm of natural grief and rage, Armine proposes that, as "till death" she is his rival's wife, she shall die with him then and there, which she refuses. Colonel Dartmouth proposed her living with Mrs. de Walden during his absence. She asks Armine's consent to make it her home—he gives it, and begs her to trust him. This ends the first part of the story. The second is partly made up of Mrs. de Walden's letter to her son, describing Aimée's return, and extracts from a spasmodic journal which he kept to record his sufferings. They meet as strangers, to outward appearance; but one is a prey to remorse—the other to despair. After a good deal of mutual torture she leaves her home. He accidentally meets her at the review of the Guards in Hyde Park on their return from the Crimea, and assists her through the crowd, leaving her enfolded in her loving husband's arms.

Armine then goes to America, where his "magnetic fame and penetrating genius" are fully recognised and rewarded. But his mission is in England. He returns, and is summoned as a last resource, by some celebrated physician, to a desperate case. That night "he felt most particularly overflowing," and playfully shook his fingers in the doctor's face. He adds, "You might almost see the magic stream adhering—the luminous halo visible round my head." He enters the sick room, sees Colonel Dartmouth, Aimée's dead infant, and herself lying white and motionless as the pillows on which she rests. No one speaks—he mesmerises her to the desired sleep, but she never wakes again. To Armine, we are told, "the darkness was past," the trial over. He went home, "communed" and read, wrote many papers for American publications, and improvised on the church organ fugues and chorales which, if written down, would have ranked him with Bach or Mendelssohn. On his gravestone he desired might be put these words—"And in death they were not divided." The world, he remarked, would not understand "the quality," as regarded his single tomb, which the words implied; but "never mind; there are more things yet than are dreamt of in their philosophy." It may be of some use to warn people who are apt to devour indiscriminately whatever novel comes in their way, that they can find neither entertainment nor profit in the pages of *Two Hearts*. Extravagance of language may parody natural feeling, and be simply ludicrous; but here we have also nauseous sentimentality, whose excess may be its own antidote, though not excuse. We should like to stop the growth of such literary fungi, which spring up as suddenly as their prototypes in the vegetable world, and as often require examination to pronounce them poisonous or wholesome.

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